

TRUDEAU'S
SECRET
AMBITION

HOW TO FIX YOUR SEX LIFE

MAY 1975

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

50c

Macleans

A mine that has killed 100 men
Terry Rowe: Poet prince of the suburbs



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Repelling the land grabbers

A mover is a mover is a mover. Right? Wrong.

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had that idea in 1950 when they formed Allied Van Lines.

Their idea: Get the country's best working together, then moving will get better.

This idea still stands today. And right now there are more than 160 Allied Van Line Members in Canada.

So next time someone says, "Oh, pack my mover from the Yellow Pages, they're all the same," we'd like to say again:

A mover is a mover is a mover. Right?

Wrong.



We got together to make moving better.

INSIDE MACLEAN'S

When John Macfarlane returned to Maclean's as executive editor earlier this year, one of the new staffers began speculating on his age and eventually



passed early notice. Macfarlane was not amused. He's a fellow 55. It was an understandable mistake. It's hard to believe that, in this business especially, anyone could do in a mere decade what Macfarlane has done.

As with most people in the trade, he entered it by accident: an early letter to his university newspaper was so good he was offered a job. Eventually he became its editor, then president of Canadian University Press, through which he met the *Deity*, editor of the *Globe and Mail*. Doyle became his employer and his supervisor. "He instilled in me a kind of idealism about the integrity and dignity of the profession." At the *Globe* Macfarlane wrote editorials, then became entertainment editor. He switched to the *Star*, where he was also entertainment editor, and then to Maclean's as associate editor. He got his own magazine, *Toronto Life*, which he edited for 18 months. For another 18 months he was president of Analytical Communications Inc., a major public relations company, where he learned some important truths about himself, not the least of which was that he belonged in journalism.

Though Macfarlane can write and write well, he concentrated from the beginning on being an editor. "I was always an overachiever," he explains his decision. "Very ambitious. I guess I saw the style to the top was traveled more quickly through editing than writing." That's the cynical side, but there is another. "I love editing. To me it's a kind of a birth process, giving birth every time I've never lost the habit of giving up a thing when it's done and going over and over and over it. I get such a thrill out of the critic of the finished product."

But this is a lasting and substantive thrill, not to be confused with those he experiences in his secret life as a jock, scoring goals in a hockey league or hitting outfield in the Toronto Blue Jays. Look summer he hit his first-ever home run off the *Star's* Marty Goodman "Caa any thing," he gaped, "he better than that!"



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Smirnoff
It leaves you breathless

WHY WE'RE BECOMING A NEWSMAGAZINE

By Peter C. Newman



An important change will take place in the ongoing evolution of *Maclean's* later this year. With our October 8 issue we plan to double our frequency of publication to become Canada's first indigenous newsmagazine.

By creating out every second Monday and drastically reducing the interval between the year when copy is written and when the magazine reaches our 3.4 million readers' hands, we will, in effect, be creating a second centre for a publication whose pages have shaped the collective imagination of Canadians since 1905.

The new magazine will look, feel, and be different, but its basic purpose will not change. Since *Maclean's* Hunter launched this publication 70 years ago, its stated aim has been to document the excitement and the problems of being — and staying — Canadian. Distilled from the chaos of our troops in the Second World War, *Maclean's* has provided the platform (and occasionally the lobby) to pull together for a national audience the essential interpretations of what it really means to live and work in this country, chronicling the lives and times of these men and women who helped form our sense of ourselves.

Any successful magazine has to build a sense of identity for its readers to share. The notion that first made *Maclean's* possible was the Canada consisted of a series of unconnected communities — large and small — and that the magazine might provide a vital, if fragile, out-reach link across this unlikely bank of geography: a platform for the nation to speak to itself. It has been a successful experiment, but now we feel that

our immediate needs to be served. The world is changing as we walk in it. No one is isolated anymore. *Maclean's* must assume a more contemporary identity. Instead of trying to shape collective perceptions, we are planning to publish a twice-monthly magazine that will define exactly what's happening within the country and in the world outside. Instead of emphasizing, as we have in the past, what Canadians are doing, we intend to concentrate on what they are doing. Because no nation can be isolated, we plan to report on foreign news, always through Canadian eyes.

This twice-monthly *Maclean's* will attempt to touch much more directly the lives of our readers, describing as objectively as possible some of the less obvious dimensions of the news they see on television, hear on radio or read in newspapers. The new *Maclean's* will possess its own special character which will neither copy existing newsmagazines nor totally abandon its previous format. (Each issue, for example, will have at least one article of the length and scope of the existing *Maclean's*.)

Our ambition will be to work toward weekly publication, as soon as the special conditions of the Canadian magazine industry make that a practical option. Meanwhile, we will stay as close as we can to the wage of events, covering the arena where the news is made, where reputations flourish and die, where the interaction between challenge and response decides the course of history. Our objective will be to penetrate the complexities of each situation and connect its various components to their origin.

No description of the changes we have planned can escape some criticism of the controversy now raging about the special tax exemptions enjoyed by the so-called Canadian editions of *Time* and *Reader's Digest*. It is not our intention to complicate the debate any further, though obviously we have a stake in its outcome. But there are some misunderstandings worth clearing up.

Some of the best periodicals in the world are published in the United States and they are devoutly popular in Canada. Vying with them for the Canadian reader's attention is a never-ending challenge. But never has that magazine, that company, or the Canadian government even hinted at the preposterous notion that any foreign magazine should be kept out of Canada. (*Time* might be no more included under the proposed new rules than *Newsweek* is now.) What Hugh Pickfleur, the Secretary of State, has suggested is something very different. The spirit of his bill is that the uniquely unfair form of competition, which allows two American magazines to dump into this market easily editorial matter, drive it up with a little local trimming, then sell it as "*Canadian*," should be removed.

Maclean's, however, along with the O'Leary Commission which investigated the problem, that a periodical press is essential to the Canadian nation, no more to be produced for us by outsiders than our staple foods. This has no bearing on the free flow of information across the border or any form of censorship.

The new magazine we are planning for full publication will perpetuate *Maclean's* continuing concern for Canada's fundamental problem — that we belong to one of the few countries in the world that because a political unit before it became a community.

We believe that a truly indigenous newsmagazine which opens up channels of communication across this nation is bound to help pull it together. Hopefully, the new *Maclean's* will reflect the sense of adventure and excitement, the candour and the passion that we, its editors, feel about Canada. Any successful magazine must be treated as the property of its readers. We certainly will remain accountable primarily to those of you who can about this magazine — and this country — as much as we do.



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How to recognize a great store



Almost everything you've heard about Harrods is true. Yes, you can order over-ready goods from the Food Hall. And the Pet Shop will be very pleased to take your order for a live crocodile. Will they deliver it to your summer house in Canada? "No problem at all, sir."

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How a great store recognizes you

The American Express Card—don't leave home without it

Why Detroit's engineers are secretly praising Volkswagen's Rabbit.

One thing about the men of the engineering profession: they give credit where credit is due. Which may explain all the nice letters and "confidential" phone calls we've received from Detroit since our new Rabbit has been out.

Why all the praise?

Well, let's start at the top.

**100 miles per hour.
45 miles per gallon.***

A Rabbit is very fast. And although we obviously don't recommend 100 mph, it is reassuring to know that a Rabbit has the power for great acceleration. From 0 to 50 in only 8.4 seconds.

A Rabbit is very thrifty. In the recent 1975-model U.S. Federal Environmental Protection Agency fuel economy tests, the Rabbit averaged 45 miles to the trip gallon on the highway. It averaged a nifty 28 in tougher stop-and-go city traffic.*

Bigger inside.

The Rabbit is a sub-compact sized car. Fact is, on the outside. Open

the door and it's a different story. Almost 80% of the space in the car is devoted to functional room.

Just back out through the huge front windshield. The visibility is incredible.

The same engineering feat that makes all this room possible is a slanted engine that is mounted sideways. Besides adding space you now have a very low silhouette front end, which means lower wind resistance, which means better gas mileage.

Also, as you may have noticed already, the Rabbit comes only one way. As a Hatchback. And you don't pay a penny more for that extra door.

How we get it to handle so easily.

The best way to describe driving a Rabbit is that it just feels right.

The rack-and-pinion steering, designed exclusively for the Rabbit, allows you to feel in complete control, especially on fast, tight turns.

As is true on only two Detroit cars, the Blazebrook and Toronado, the Rabbit has front-wheel drive for rack-hugging ability.

The firm and sporty ride of the car is enhanced by rigid unitized body/chassis construction, controlled swing and shock rates and larger suspension travel.

Added too, are things so domestic car has. Like a dual diagonal braking system, negative steering roll radius for directional stability in the event of a front wheel blowout, and a specially designed hand-back door that keeps the rear window clear for better visibility.

Owner's Security Blanket.

To make sure your Rabbit lives a lively and a carefree life, it's backed by probably the most advanced car coverage plan in the automobile industry. The Volkswagen Owner's Security Blanket.

Lately, a lot of automotive executives have been giving speeches on "the car of the future." We started designing that car 5 years ago.

Ladies and gentlemen of the automotive industry, your car of the future, our Rabbit, is here today.

And with it, happy days are here again.



 **rabbit**
Happy days are here again.

YOU'VE COME A SHORT WAY, BABY

By Walter Stewart

I am sitting in the Parliamentary Press Gallery, doodling desperately as they wrangle about who passes for the female party and threat of debate on the floor of the Commons chamber below. To keep alert, I begin to note peculiarities of the talking MPs — how many wear glasses (I got bored after counting 53 and give up), how many are fat (only seven I would count as really gross), how many are women (I can see only six women, 17 men, and one, right, Liberals and one Tory, but three of the Liberal ladies are decidedly hidden from me by a gallery sitting over their heads. I get to brooding about these rare women.

One out of every two eligible Canadian voters is a woman, one out of every 29 MPs is a woman. Somehow it doesn't seem right. Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier at baseball in 1947, when he became the first black to play for a major league team; within a few years, blacks were accepted candidates for any baseball team. Agnes Macphail broke the sex barrier in Canadian politics in 1921, when she became the first woman MP. Women are far from several candidates for any political party today. In 34 years, Canadian women haven't made anything like the progress of American blacks, for Canadian women it is still true, as it once was for an American black, that to make the team she has to be twice as good as the competitors (or she has to be thrust into the job as a token of management's largesse).

Women would do much better if we rationalized our prejudice against them. If the parties were to put up posters saying no women need apply or males only, we would all know where we stood. But that, of course, is not the Canadian way. Our parties all pass resolutions calling for more participation by women, they all affirm that women candidates are welcome, they all declare prejudice against anyone as the grounds of race, creed, color or, by gosh, sex.

And it is true that women are welcome in the parties, they are welcome to kick assholes, draw up membership lists, knock on doors and keep the coffins coming. They are not welcome in candidates for office. In a newspaper column in which he explained why he would not support his friend and colleague Flora MacDonald, but stress her leadership of the Conservative Party, Tory guru Dallas Camp wrote: "While a few women, Flora among them, have exhibited the spirit, they have either known their place or they have been put in it." He said MacDonald will be promoted and put down by "a whole lot of people who will find reasons as yet unknown to the human mind as to why they though they love her like a sister — they can't vote for her."

Since Camp wrote that column, Margaret Thatcher has been elected leader of the Conservative Party in England, straggling off a lot of speculation that perhaps Thatcher's victory would pave the way for MacDonald (she is Canada, we are dealing with a different Conservative Party, a different method of choosing the leader, a different political tradition and a different mind). Oh, yes, and Thatcher is a right-winger who quaked on an on-again strong to resolve



while MacDonald is a left-winger beating a tide that appears to be flowing against her. Despite all that, of course, the sexes are parallel; after all, they're both women, aren't they?

During the last federal election we were treated, along with all the pious platitudes about women, to a lot of glib promises about the number and quality of women candidates. These were, indeed, almost twice as many women candidates as in 1972. Out of 1,269 nominees, 137 were of the female persuasion. I guess that's impressive, but it depends on how you judge these things. As I see it, only 11% of those nominated were women, which is not much, and 3% of those elected were women, which is even worse. The parties' explanation is that these figures show that women are inferior candidates, that Canadians are not ready to see women in political roles. We are also told that Canadian women is particular, won't vote for female candidates.

There is a simple way to test this theory of sexism, and that is for political bigshots to put enough women candidates into decent ridings to produce a statistically reliable sample. We sure as hell don't have one now, because the parties won't give women a decent shot in any riding where they have an even chance to win. Consequently, a woman will be popped into a safe seat — that happened to the three female Liberal MPs in Quebec — as a token gesture; much more often, women are assigned the role of sacrificial lamb. If they get in, so be it; more surprised than the party brass.

It could be argued that things are improving slowly. (I'm sure that's the word around Mobile, Auburn and Cape Town, South Africa, too.) Perhaps so. Nine women MPs is a better record than one — the total in 1921 and in 1968. At this rate it won't be more than a few centuries before the ladies, bless 'em, come to play an active role in the House of Commons. The day they even come when party whips stop siding them to confine themselves to "women's subjects" — consumerism, abortion and penal reform — and let them talk about any old thing that pops into their pretty little heads.

When Agnes Macphail was giving advice to women as how to get candidate nominated, she suggested, "If you are pushing a candidate, pick a strong one who is able to go up against that wall of steel." But there is a way around that male wall of steel in theory, party conventions are open (except for Quebec Liberals, the party lines pick the candidates there and conventions rarely occur); in fact, the hierarchy either names one candidate and warns everyone off, or picks the convention so that the right name emerges.

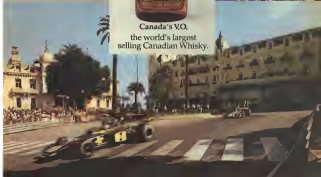
But women can pick conventions too, indeed, it's about the only way to get a convention (a worthwhile riding "At any recruiting convention," says Flora MacDonald, "there were 3,000 delegates, 700 of whom had never been near the Conservative Party before in their lives.")

We said more convention pickers like Flora. In fact, there is no other way for women to play anything like an equal role in politics. If they wait for men to fix things, they will wait until hell freezes over.

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WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE SEVENTIES DADA?

By Marcel McDonald

Up in General Idea Inc., the general idea of the moment was decidedly plain: Ward had just come down that the Art Gallery of Ontario had cancelled their gala annual rehearsal for the 1984 Miss General Idea Pageant and as General Idea headquarters, upstairs in the third-floor walk-up over Mr. Arnold's 34-hour Body Rubs, it was a little like Picasso getting the news that cubism was out, sure, but did he really have to miss up the picture with all those little squares?

"They said it wasn't the sort of thing they wanted in their gallery," reported A. A. Bresson (sneaking in his tennis sneakers and vermillion cufflinks with color-coordinated eyeglasses "We'll have to accept," philosophized Ren Dabie (sneaky), his own hands managing to combine a Buster Brown cut and a red-back were simultaneously "It's collage or perish," offered Jorge Sosa, always ready with a General Idea catch-phrase in the evenings. The trouble was, as A. A. admitted, "They didn't know what to expect from us." But then nobody has been quite sure what to expect from the three-man Toronto artists' co-op ever since they met seven years ago, discovered that their art belonged to Dada and staged their first group show: a month-long dress shop named Betty's Frocks.

In the intervening years, with inspiration from slips, screens and the venetian blind, they have devoted themselves to fudging the line between life and art by taking the pop aesthetics of everyday existence and exalting them to wild poetic proportions. In the spirit of Marcel Duchamp before them, they have cast one long mirrored look on 20th century culture and turned the other tongue-in-cheek. The beauty pageant, the political gloss, the humble household dache — nothing has been sacred. And like their precursors of 60 years ago who coined Dada in an obscure magazine in a society gone berserk, with rampant materialism and the First World War, they have continued out into the helter-skelter of these crumbling times and imposed their own witty kind of chaos upon the chaos. In the process, to put it mildly, they have been regarded as weird bastards.

Not of course that there was anything particularly ordinary about their 1971 Miss General Idea Pageant, a 12,000-extravaganza later billed as "Canada's first surreal event" and staged at the Art Gallery of Ontario, which may explain the gallery's current anxiety. With a glittering guest list of 439, it featured the duet of Hollywood sexlights, a parade of celebrities such as Mr. Pennant (dressed in his 1960s and 400 costumes) and General Idea's dramatic Frocks, then in the throes of famous shots for a sex change, Generalized further remarkable new four-color range with a madhouse of *I Got You Under My Skin*.

The 13 handpicked contestants were each judged on their canter with a little 1970s hair-colored salubrious number into one of Betty's Frocks (understanding the Miss General Idea Group). Considering that one runner-up had not yet to the dress while wearing it, then submitted the photos and the adios, it was no easy contest. But finally at the climactic moment, the arrival of *I Got You Under My Skin* a Vancouver goddess



named Marcel Del was presented with the winner's bouquet. The second it was over General Idea vowed to make the pageant a continuing work, their next spectacular run for 1984 with a total 10 years of rehearsal beforehand. As A. A. explained, "The beauty pageant seems somehow to capture perfectly what North America is all about."

Their other major continuing work has not caused lower raised eyebrows. Two years ago, when the Local Initiatives Program dished out a \$17,000 grant to a modest sounding underground art magazine, LIP was not quite prepared for what turned out to be *Pile Magazine*, a witty, outrageous, day-and-night compilation of visual puns and satirical cartoons. Dada's old wrapped up in a glossy exact-size replica of a *Life* magazine cover, which immediately inspired Andy Warhol to take out a subscription and *Time-Life Inc.* to take out a lawsuit. The LIP grant was not renewed, but none of it gave General Idea any pause. "Life made America what it is today," said A. A. "Life gave the illusion that anybody can grow up to be president or a beauty queen. We give the illusion that anybody can grow up to be an artist."

In the seven sporadic years since, *Pile* has been turned into a kind of international Dada correspondence clearing-house and built up a devoted 3,000-name underground subscription list from Spence Bay in the Northwest Territories to the Caucasus, from New York to San Francisco, Japan to Italy. It has been exhibited in Paris, exhibited in *Exposure* and even acquired the ultimate homage, a pre-empt of its own talent by a San Francisco Dada group called *Pile Kill*, here at home in Canada, almost nothing has been written or heard about either General Idea or *Pile*.

"It's the put-on syndrome," said A. A. "Everybody's afraid that it's all a joke and that we're going to embarrass them." It was a thought, in fact, that had crossed my own mind as I climbed the stairs up through Mr. Arnold's running parker ("You should be by one of our beautiful temples attended!" Larry, grade six in an easy left alive with sarcasm and hanging plants — an island of apparent sanity above the plastic noise wasteland below. It is downtown at Mr. Arnold's (his most stage credit cards are accepted, upstairs the boys at General Idea, with their end-ups of Miss America and *Life* magazine, are regarded as the frocks).

In an age when Whitepitz has brought the wonders of official doublethink into our very own living rooms, one can't help but wonder what is so strange about General Idea speaking child-sized words such as *Visual Retentive* and *Amplify Without Contradiction*. In an era when Kenneth Macleod can toss their sublimos into the Monte Carlo roulette wheels while starving people die on the food, what is so odd about poking fun at the hollow heart of the 20th-century dream? General Idea has inspired its mirror on a distorted society and come up with a *Five Have Affection*. In these strange and troubled times, a tongue-in-cheek may well be worth a bid-up-the-road.

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MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD FLING

By Ray Magladry

To most money men, there is nothing so he-bum boring as the bad investments of yesterday, nothing so awesome as the guy who got stuck and wants to talk about it. Anyway, with a bad investment bearing a hole in his pocket needs help developing a course of action that will put a step to his losses and get his money working for him again. There are a lot of people in this country, people who were taken for a ride in the past and are looking for a way out.

Among the investors disaster that dicker up a number of daily duck drawers is the federal government's security, the monthly layaway plan started in 1966, that was supposed to provide retirement income for the masses. You paid in so much a month and, depending on what you accumulated over the period of time you contributed, you were to receive a monthly income for life, starting at retirement.

Since the advent of the Canada and Quebec pension plans, the government's security scheme has been downgraded; in fact, the investors aren't sold anymore, but there are around 230,000 of them still on the books. Over the years, they have earned various rates of interest, from 4% to 4%, low rates compared with what has been available to savers elsewhere. One security holder I know, William Lewden of Toronto, told me he used \$12,450 in an account which is now paying him a small monthly retirement income. But he complained bitterly that the government, having paid him interest at a low rate of return for many years, now has the use of the bulk of his money and can make it earn 9% when it does not use the monthly income to him. Anyway, he doesn't take that money out in a lump sum and to Lewden the whole deal is nothing but a rip-off. Like others, he has tried off compounds to finance minister John Turner without any effect. The government's response is that the investor knew what he was getting and when he signed the contract, the terms were absolutely clear, so tough luck.

One of the great bond disasters of all time is a little number known in the financial trade as the "Miss of '83." This bond, issued in 1958 to mature in 1983, pays the holder 4½% interest a year. About two billion dollars' worth of these bonds were sold when they were issued and I would guess that at least 200,000 people were ripped off on them. Here's what happened: The Diefenbaker government was faced in the late 1950s with a massive number of maturing wartime Victory Loan bonds worth billions of dollars. The government wanted to avoid paying out such a large amount of cash at one time so it ordered new bonds (one issue of which was the 4½% of '83 series) and set out to get the Victory Loan holders to "roll over" their money into the new bonds. The government succeeded all too well, and sold and absorbed by various investment dealers and brokers who were paid list commissions for selling the new bonds to the public — that is to widows, orphans, sickening men, or anyone who walked in off the street. Now, please, that this bond is not like a Canada Savings Bond; it cannot be redeemed at par at anytime; it continues to 1983 and, if a holder wants his or



her money out at the maturity, the amount depends on the going market price of the bond. That might be lower than the par, or face value, of the bond. In this case, it has turned out to be a great deal lower.

The typical aspect of this operation (the Prime Minister and his finance minister went on national television as part of the selling effort) is that the bonds were being sold just as inflation was being built into our economy, just as bond prices generally were weakening and just as other interest rates were going up. The bond buyers didn't know it, but conditions such as these almost guaranteed that the price of their bonds would go down. And they did: at one point recently they were worth \$700 per \$1,000 bond on the market. A few weeks ago they had recovered to \$840. Some original buyers have sold out at a loss, some are still hanging on, undecided as to what they should do and some people have just tried to forget the whole business.

The third type of investment disaster has to do with all the bedbugged, if not completely buried, common stocks and mutual funds that were sold during the late 1960s. We are no longer in such a heady speculative climate and the prices of a number of stocks that looked like winners a few years ago are worth a fraction of what they once were. A great many people took a deep breath and plunged their life savings into a free-wheeling market and the results were, in a lot of cases, calamitous. Even a well-known stock such as Carling O'Keefe has dropped 80% in market value in the past six years.

If your dream of financial security has turned into a nightmare — through a bad move into insurance, bonds, stocks or mutual funds — there's no way of completely righting past wrongs, cut your losses, swallow your pride and get your money out of a bad deal and into a better one.

If you hold a government security that hasn't begun paying out yet, write to the securities branch of the Unemployment Insurance Commission in Ottawa and ask if you can get the monthly payments to you started at once. Take that money and put it in the bank or straight into a Registered Retirement Savings Plan.

If you're stuck with a government bond such as the 4½% maturing in 1983, ask a broker to sell it for you. You'll get about \$840 for a \$1,000 bond, a \$160 loss, but the \$840, placed with a bank or trust company at 8%, will outperform the return from the bond.

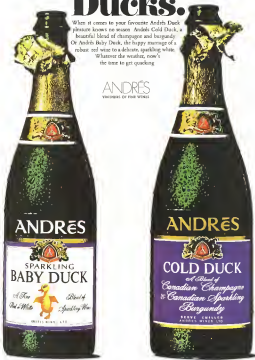
Stocks and mutual funds could receive their value one day, but if you've given them a fair chance, why giving the agency? Bob Wallcott, president of Canadian Business Service, an investment advisory firm, gives this rationale: "Buying and investing are long-term propositions, not attempts to get rich quick or stay with very risky stocks hoping for recovery. It is best to get rid of losers and get on with the job of investing money according to a long-range plan." When an investment or savings plan goes wrong, the best thing you can do to repay the damage is look for the escape hatch and climb out — quickly.

Nice weather for Ducks.

When it comes to your favorite André Duck pleasure knows no season. André's Gold Duck, a beautiful blend of champagne and burgundy. Or André's Baby Duck, the happy marriage of a robust red wine to a delicate, sparkling white.

Whatever the weather, now's the time to get quacking.

ANDRÉ'S
VINTAGES OF FINE WINES



WHY DOES A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU NEED A PhD?

By Myrna Kostash

In 1967 I applied to the University of Toronto for a graduate fellowship. I did not get one. Disheartened, I asked one of my professors what the hell was going on. I was, after all, an honor student. "Well," he said, "is the first place you're a woman. You'll probably drop out halfway through." University administrators probably don't have the cheek to say that anymore. Not that it makes much difference. In 1995, at the University of Waterloo, Ontario, in the Faculty of Science, there are 120 male professors and only one woman. In 1994, at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont., the disparity in salary between male and female faculty members was worse than it was in 1972. At Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., in 1973, 38.2% of the male faculty were in the bottom two tiers of the teaching hierarchy compared to 85.6% of the female faculty. And for all of Canada there are, today, proportionately fewer women enrolled in graduate studies than in the late 1920s.

This bodgepodge of statistics reveals several ethical points, none of which we can be complacent about even if this is International Women's Year. Namely, that in Canada men, not surprisingly, still far outnumber women at university level. Even after factors such as age, experience and academic qualifications are accounted for, there is still no such thing as equal pay for equal work. Women academics get stuck routinely in the lower ranks. Even if the universities were to establish new efforts to help women teachers, they'd be hampered by their own failure to have promoted very many women with PhDs. All of this is shameful.

Since the women reporting from the Royal Commission on the Status of Women eight years ago, little has changed for university women (students and support staff as well as academics). Trying to account for that, as numerous advisory committees, task forces and associations have done lately, is tantamount to slipping through a thick sludge of obfuscation and doubletalk.

There are, admittedly, social and political reasons, outside any university policies themselves, that partly account for this dismal record. Many women consider housekeeping and child-rearing their first social responsibility. Many, again, teachers and others tend to reserve the hard sell of university entrance for boys. School curricula still redirect female students to secretarial and service careers. Women academics as role models for girls are rare. And so on.

The president of McMaster University, Dr. A. N. Bouras, is so vocal in saying that "all of us must be vigilant—bitterly alert and aware, to see that women get the fullest, fairest consideration for every opportunity that we have." Yet McMaster University's prestigious Faculty of Medicine pays men graduate \$1,435 more than women. McMaster employs no women as faculty deans, has yet to set up a day-care centre on campus for its staff or students, and the mostly female clerical and technical workers earn about \$6,200 a year.

University of Waterloo administration president Bill Matthews writes: "I do not believe that you can find support



that the University of Waterloo has a sad record of sexual discrimination." Yet, since 1973, according to Dr. Mervin Fiddler, professor of sociology and member of the President's Advisory Committee on Equal Rights for Women and Men, Waterloo's female full-time regular faculty is up exactly 5% to 6.3%, only 18.7% of its PhD students are women, all six of the Senate-appointed members of the University Tenure Advisory Committee are men, and non-bracketed women (defined as female employees whose husbands are "physically and mentally capable of working" even if they are unemployed) who are U of W employees pay \$13.35 a month in D&B premiums compared to \$1.75 for married men.

There is some good news. After two reviews in a ten-year period of female students' salaries at Queen's University, about a third of the women have received a lump sum adjustment in their salaries retroactive to July, 1974. Dr. Mary Maxwell (above), of the Association of Women Teaching at Queen's, points out that the brief retroactive period still doesn't make up for the number of years women have been systematically discriminated against in their salaries. It is mainly the young women entering the system for the first time now who will benefit. The other two-thirds of the female faculty did not receive salary adjustments and the administration has offered no explanation as to why not. The AWTG is calling for another review. At McMaster University, a support staff association has been formed (500 women members) and is considering seeking certification as a union. The Association of University and College Employers has locals now at UBC and Simon Fraser University, and the faculty of Notre Dame University in Nelson, B.C., was already certified as a union. The degree to which faculty and staff associations find common ground, or fail to find it, is their prelude against university administrations as an important measure of just how much "discrimination" there is between a female professor and the society outside her door.

Discrimination against women occurs in subtle ways indeed, and the men who run the universities are accountable. Liberal education says, with a great deal of self-satisfaction, that they are the best qualified people available, but this only begs the question: That person, if she is a woman, may already have been squashed in grad school. As a teacher, she will be an outsider to the boys' club which passes along information about available jobs (very few positions are filled as a result of open competition, announced in professional journals). If the teacher gets tired, she won't be considered for promotion—and a great many women with doctorates do teach part-time. If her husband already teaches at the university, she may be passed over for appointment. But none important at all, even with all the goodwill in the world (and knowing something about the way the social built itself), it is very difficult to guarantee that a woman, even if she is the "best qualified person," will be perceived as such. Have you heard the one about the woman PhD in mathematics who was asked if she could type?

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with the people who
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YOUR VIEW

Defending James Richardson/The towering condominium/The painter who stinks

McInerney is often a good sage, reporting on facts, events and personalities with a quicky sponser to most North American periodicals.

However, Maria McDonald's article and description of the personal life of James Richardson and his wife, Alene (The Young Stranger March), do not approach these standards. Her research on his activities as a member of the cabinet and his role as defense minister, while exaggerated for emphasis, appear accurate.

Ms. McDonald's article, showing signs of painful research, proves to me that she still does not understand "one of the least known and misunderstood men in cabinet."

Ms. McDonald, in an attempt to dominate Mr. Richardson's life, digs into his weekly upbringing, looks to his "own extensively tailored threads" and traces his sheltered path from childhood to political life. In so doing, the fails to study his motives or reasons for devoting the portion of his life to the political (fibre of Canada, his citizens and fathers and the contributions and experiences he has passed on to all those around him, especially to his children.

Being raised as a Whistler Richardson in the Twenties and Thirties under the "formidable" hand of Mr. Marie Sprague Richardson would not have been easy. But it is also not the point. It is what is learned and carried forward from that experience that is of importance. It is my belief that Mr. Richardson benefited from that "sovereign influence" and the occasional

visit from people the "likes" of Winston Churchill, and with those experiences has built a successful life. By having these experiences, unique to most Canadians, Mr. Richardson has been able to join on to his country, and to those close to him, his education and help them build their lives more of their own choosing.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are not simple people, as Ms. McDonald's article would indicate. They are complex, honest, astutely showing of their time and knowledge and success in their intentions. Mr. Richardson's "inner crossword" is the puzzle of our life, and more especially which "word and line" he should be devoting his time and abilities to.

If Mr. McDonald had chosen to extend her research beyond the gossip and political facade which surrounds any person in public life, just the 11-minute interview granted to Shirley Richardson and her five children, she would not have found a man shored up in a "woman's existence" but a wonderful butterfly, seeking to give back to this country and its people all the color it was bequeathed at birth.

JAMES A. RICHARDSON, JR., WINNIPEG

As Federal Affairs Chairman of the Liberal Party in the Province of Manitoba I have had the privilege of working with and knowing Jim Richardson. Since 1948 I have had many occasions to meet with him to discuss both political and personal subjects.

He is obviously the subject of a real hotbed job by your journalist. Your

article is obviously biased, imbalanced and unfair. In my discussions with him he has always displayed the qualities most honored in our society.

He has stood for fair play and equality at all times. His advice to me has been to avoid any form of discrimination. If there is any area where he has exhibited some form of special influence it is in his attempts to obtain equality of opportunity for all Western Canadian and particularly for Manitobans.

His attempts to obtain a "better deal" for Western Canadian and Manitobans within Confederation should not be criticized but appreciated by all Canadians who believe in justice and equality.

It is extremely unfortunate that you chose to place in a vilify and mislead one of Canada's hardest working, most dedicated and sincere politicians. STEVE J. SCHWARTZ, WINNIPEG

I believe that the vast majority of Canadian citizens wholeheartedly with Maria McDonald's article on James Richardson. The use of his picture on the front of the magazine as he looks the layman was a very poor taste. And to offer to Canada's "great forces" was quite out of order. Canada's forces may be low in number in the estimation of some people, but they are certainly not "upset" forces. They are just what the parliament of Canada with time to be. And their number is not the responsibility of James Richardson. So why blame him?

As to whether James Richardson made derogatory remarks about the native people of Canada or not, many people in Canada would back him up in the statements he made, and there is certainly no need for him to apologize to anyone or back down on those statements.

RAY GEORGE H. HANLEY, WINNIPEG

Congratulations to McInerney for breaking the 10-year news blackout on Canada's armed forces (My War With The Army, March). It has been obvious for some time that our top-heavy staff structure stands almost entirely of the yoke of the armaments. It is time for a reorganization of our vulnerability — our inadequate armed forces, our complete dependence upon the U.S. for protection, our general lack of manpower to ensure national

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YOUR VIEW / continued

security, and our complete lack of ocean shipping to carry our exports and vital supplies.

O. BARRICK, WESTLOCK, ALTA.

Northern hospitality

Before moving to Yellowknife, I might have a good wholeheartedly with Robert Thomas Allen's *Raiders*. However, I am pleased to say that in the few weeks I have been here I have encountered nothing but kindness and courtesy of a kind one might associate with early pioneering villages.

The folks in the shops are not only friendly and helpful but generally interested in their products and their customers. Wal-Mart's notice if you are now in town, and are happy to talk. Neighbors still drop in to make sure you are finding your way about. In short, people care.

RONALD CRABER, YELLOWKNIFE, NWT

Mondo Condo

Walter Stewart's superbly chronicled *The Condominium Condominium* (March) of some typical complaints is so unbalanced as to further contribute to public misunderstandings of condominiums.

There are good condominiums. There are even responsible developers. With the passage of time and better legislation for consumer protection in various provinces, there are even large numbers of well-informed and capable boards of directors. Toronto's Seneca College had 259 condo directors at an extensive two-day seminar, one of many, in February. Their Condo courses have been "exported" to Edmonton and Vancouver.

Ontario's Condominium Act amendments were passed on February 14. Owners promptly told to a management contract signed when the developer controlled the board of directors can cancel the contract by a two-thirds vote.

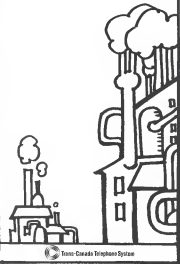
In future, developers must declare their intentions regarding provision of recreational and other amenities, which should help and promises of swimming pools, spas, gyms and tennis courts that do not materialize. They will now have to give purchasers a budget statement for the first year of operation, setting out all common expenses, the service to be provided and the amount it will cost each owner. Developers and managers must now hold common expense monies in a separate trust account for each condominium corporation. And, for the

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YOUR VIEW / editorial

first time, owners and their directors have the long-sight right to inspect the books at any time.

Apart from the law, condominium buyers and owners have a real responsibility of their own to inform themselves as fully as possible before committing themselves to what is a new lifestyle in Canada. It seems likely that other provinces will follow Ontario's lead in providing better guided rules.

JOHN A. GOSLER, PRESIDENT,
UNIT PROPERTIES LTD., TORONTO

As the author of the only text on condominiums in Canada, I was most interested in Walter Stewart's article. As Stewart pointed out, there is a great deal of abuse of the condominium manager by the owners. On the other hand, the concept is greatly misunderstood by many people, including Walter Stewart. It does offer a solution to the housing problem for many people, and in some cases the only solution at a price they can afford. The fact that some condominium developments are poorly constructed and poorly serviced is not a reason for condemning condominiums. It would make as much sense to condemn property ownership because some holders of private homes build them poorly.

Property owners are good owners. That country was in a large degree penalized by people who knew that they could obtain free land here and wanted to escape from the land-owning relationship in Great Britain and other parts of Europe. The modern trend toward larger developments, more expensive land and continuing inflation is forcing them back into a type of land and self relationship. Some of them are beginning to feel that they have no stake in the community. In a survey of 5,000 cities of violence and anarchy in American cities, there was one common denominator, not age, not sex, not the economic level, not race. The only thing that all of the violent and disturbed areas had in common was that none of them owned property.

ALVIN E. ROBINSON, TORONTO

Mark my words

To be negotiated may cause confusion. To be partially quoted as I was in Paul Grosvenor's *Senior General Grovesman (March)* can be both misleading and embarrassing.

During a formal analysis of the present legal position regarding foreign investment in Canadian and since I did say that the goddess

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ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.	2190		1500	1480	3140	3610	8640	6220	7600	1760	2860
HALIFAX	1440	1500		200	1790	3660	4220	5015	6155	415	990
CHARLOTTETOWN	1380	1480	200		1740	3610	4140	5085	6055	375	960
TORONTO	480	2110	1790	1740		2150	2670	3495	4880	1375	1310
WINNIPEG	2330	2610	3660	3610	2150		570	1840	2940	2040	2080
REGINA	2180	3660	4220	4140	2670	570		1635	3810	2550	
EDMONTON	4715	5015	6155	6085	4880	1840	1635		1380	4690	4020
VICTORIA	1805	7600	6155	6085	5085	3495	3810	1380		1440	5110
Vancouver	960	1760	415	375	1375	2040	2550	4690	2740		385
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YOUR VIEW / continued

under the Foreign Investment Review Act suggested that individual real estate transactions under \$10 million which did not constitute the acquisition of a "business" would be exempt from the review procedures. This is still true. What your reporter omitted to say, however, was that I then pointed out to the writers depending partly in Japanese, which may have confused Gosselin) that in Canada the primary responsibility for legislation governing real estate lies with the provincial governments, and that in many provinces public opinion is moving toward restrictions on foreign investment in real estate — particularly in agricultural and recreational land. However, I remarked that under its present government Alberta would be likely to continue to allow such investment long after the other provinces had moved to protect these vital resources.

At no time did I use the vice-regal phrase "my government" in discussing the government or its policies.

MICHAEL J. WHEE, VICE-PRIME
LIBERAL PARTY OF CANADA, CALGARY

Born to win

Brought to you for the article on Todd Cranston? Having long been an admirer of his ability, I have always been dismayed that because of his style of skating recognition has been a long time coming. I too was moved by his performance to the music of Popoloca. One of the most remarkable moments of my life was the privilege of seeing him skate in Montreal, 1974. I sincerely hope we don't lose him to Europe!

SOMMERIA C. LACHAND, SAINT JOHN

Thanks to Abby Hoffman for encouraging her training to write *Running For Gold* (February). I understood the difficulty she and all women experience in trying to reject themselves into a male environment.

As an aspiring male balance beam performer, I can sympathize. Perhaps in 1976 (which, in the interests of equality, should be proclaimed International Men's Year) Todd Cranston will describe how easy it was for him to become the figure skater he is rather than a Toronto Maple Leaf.
J. W. PENNELL, OTTAWA

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LAND GRAB

By Harry Bruce

Taking down the for sale signs—while there's still time

We must have priorities in our national worrying, and therefore the bigger controversies have always had more to do with broadband, banks and bilingualism than with cottage, canoe and campfires. In the light of this it hardly seemed important a few years ago that a bunch of loose-spending Americans and New Yorkers were going the price of farmland in the Annapolis Valley. Or that a Dublin fashion king had just bought himself a chunk of a perfectly darling little island off British Columbia. Or even that a Madison Avenue land lord was peddling thousands of acres of prime Laurentian playground—for roughly eight times what he'd paid for it—in people from Oklahoma, Idaho, Wisconsin and Louisiana.

Then sort of things among Debates of National Importance was told very small potatoes only three or four years ago. And why not? No one was doing anything illegal! Americans have a perfect right to buy land in Canada. Canadians have a perfect right to sell land in whatever they choose, and indeed to hear some politicians and many real estate wheelers talk, no right is more sacred. And anyway, besides the economic nationalism, James Earl Ray on the high-speed speed with which the Americans had gobbled up whole Canada in midwestern discovery that Americans had also gobbled up the whole third of good old Lake Ontario-Langdon was pretty new.

Now, however, foreign ownership of Canadian land in Missouri is a major and endless war right across the country. There's naturally a province that's not taking a hard look at the law to see how to control the flow of Canadian land into foreign hands. Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan both have laws to limit foreigners' investment in their land. Ontario has a special law on land transfers to foreigners. And Nova Scotia is a sweeping and unprecedented set of regulations, announced last year that it was taking from an Ohio woman more than 5,000 acres of gorgeous South Shore property.

When the just half-dozen years Americans, Europeans, Japanese and more recently Arab oil kings and Mafia rackets have determined that Canada is not a beautiful big place in which to put money into land. Many wealthy Europeans fear what a socialist take-over would do to their property at home. They admire the political stability of Canada. The return on investments in Canadian land is high and perhaps even more important to say a West German dossier, the whole atmosphere is safe.

Such considerations apply particularly to the heavily populated and economically high-flying area of southern Ontario and perhaps, too, to the foreigners' urge to own thousands of acres of prime agricultural land in the Prairies.

But in the Atlantic Provinces in BC in Quebec's Ameri-

can country and the resort belt of Ontario, the pressure is on from Americans who will pay more than any of the locals can ever hope to raise. (In the past two years a Mahone Bay NS real estate dealer says he has sold 55 of the 1,500 islands off Nova Scotia, mostly to rich Americans. As investments, he says, such islands double in value within 24 months.)

American cottage owners may be ideal guests of Canada's generous summerhome members of a Canadian community. But sometimes the land they buy at what the locals regard as outrageously inflated prices in land these same locals have coveted, land these same locals may even have used for speculation into the past.

There are other problems. In some parts of the country, an American's maximum act of paying a fair price for a farm not only takes one more farm out of production but also encourages investment officials to raise the stakes on neighboring properties. Some of the neighbors may be having a tough enough time keeping their own farms in production anyway and, when the next rich American drops by with a stipendium offer, one of them may accept it. And there goes another farm out of production.

The farmer insists he has a right to sell to the highest bidder. And maybe he has. Moreover, some foreigners—mostly two Americans who've challenged the PEI government's refusal to let them buy 36 acres near Summerside—insist that under the Canadian Citizenship Act, they have the same rights as Canadians to buy and sell Canadian land. They have taken the case to the Supreme Court of Canada.

Some real estate experts wonder what the fine is all about. They argue that if Canada must sell anything to foreigners why not sell the one thing no one can actually take out of the country. The land will still be, here, no matter who owns it.

They raise the emotional point.

Even the most steadily conscientious businessman when he considers the steps of a lifetime forest that's most dear to him becomes a nationalist. We cannot make the land again. It is not potatoes, sugar, rolls of newspaper, or barrels of oil. It is where we have walked, and where we stand, and like a stubborn farmer whom the Depression has laid low, we have to ask, "If I can no longer call even that my own, what have I got?" This is why the river has begun to bubble across the country, and why you're likely to see new laws in scattered provinces as the months to come.

Harry Bruce is a Halifax author, free lance writer and broadcaster and a frequent contributor to Maclean's.

The issue in dispute: a man's right to sell his own land versus a nation's right to protect its sovereignty

BRITISH COLUMBIA For decades, the wild climate and extravagant history of British Columbia's coastline and saltwater islands have made her a wilderness nation not only to foreign Canadians but also to Americans and Europeans with the desire to buy islands there. Some foreigners are buying BC land to speculate in other foreigners' dreams of retreat, but until last spring it was impossible to know exactly what was going on because the provincial land registry did not compile statistics on foreign land holdings.

Laura Karas Siskind, the NDP member for Coquiton, has constituency in the north end of Vancouver Island and lately Americans have been buying up a lot of it. They are particularly keen on the beautiful islands in the Gulf of Georgia. Their wealth enables them to bid to create for themselves West Coast communities between the same problems that 3,000-odd miles away other Americans are creating for New South Wales farmers. The Americans pay so much more for the land than it was worth before their bulging wallets appeared in the backwoods that they inflate the market value of everything around them and since market value determines property taxes levied on the neighbouring farmers and fishermen are beginning to experience what, for them, is a crushing tax bite. A good example of that occurred in Mt. Siskind's constituency where a small Gulf Island, inhabited for 80 years by a few families — fishermen who enjoyed neither ferry service nor electricity — was spotted by an American. He had his lawyers make him the made an inalienable offer and the next year another American bought a neighbouring lot (for a little more). When the tax assessor assessed the lots were worth a fortune and the taxes became prohibitive, forcing some of the original homeowners off the island. The issue was forced back to sell or not sell.

Last spring, Mr. Siskind and several other NDP members of the legislature pushed legislation that now requires everyone who buys BC land to register his or her citizenship. There is also a provision that requires that would allow the sale of BC land to anyone who is neither a Canadian nor a landed immigrant. The BC land commission, which the government established in 1991 to preserve provincial might against whatever control on foreign ownership of land BC does stand to improve. However Premier Bennett refuses to stall independent action until after discussions among all the provinces and the federal government's own deliberations lead to a nationwide policy.

ALBERTA Alberta passed an act in 1973 to restrict the sale of public land to Canadians and to corporations whose ownership was at least 75% Canadian but anyone anywhere here can sell one acre of land in Alberta. As in most other provinces,

there are no hard data on how much land foreigners do own (except for agricultural land — 17%) but the Land Use Amendment Act passed last October will partially remedy that, it will monitor all future acquisitions and require a statement of citizenship from buyers. This is an attempt to determine the extent of foreign ownership and could be used as it felt necessary to limit it in the future.

It may be a reflection of the steady western belief in free enterprise but, at the moment, the idea of foreigners owning Alberta land does not draw Albertans with political eyes. Consider for example the statement of Dr. Vera Wood, chairman of a provincial committee studying foreign ownership.

"...nearly all Canadians were once foreign-born or are the descendants of foreigners. The difference between resident and foreign status may only be the time it takes to get Canadian citizenship. Albertans have in any case lived for many a day and friendly year with U.S. investment in their oil fields and with hundreds of U.S. citizens as neighbours on Alberta soil. Moreover many Canadian Albertans came January and February began to last after a private check of the survey records established in 1973. If we let Americans they can't buy our land, will they tell us we can't buy theirs? A lot of people ask the same question in Ontario."

SASKATCHEWAN Though registry is currently in process, no one has yet documented a serious interest in Saskatchewan land by foreign buyers but the fear of the Saskatchewan government is much like Manitoba's, that huge outside interests may buy up vast tracts of prime agricultural land and make it to their own advantage rather than the province's. There is even a list of about 100 people who are purchasing the family farm and maintaining rural populations.

The NDP government tried to introduce legislation to control foreign ownership of Saskatchewan land in 1992 but the bill had certain problems and it was not passed and eventually it died on the order paper. Last year, however, agriculture minister Jack Mowat brought in a second and more acceptable bill to control the future acquisition of land by non-residents.

It defines a resident as anyone who lives in the province at least 181 days of the year or anyone who farms Saskatchewan land and lives within 20 miles of any Saskatchewan border and it stipulates that no nonresident may buy Saskatchewan land and worth more than \$15,000. It also establishes controls on the value and acreage of land transfers by either residents or nonresidents.

One purpose of the legislation was to make sure that non-resident banks and mortgage companies no longer hold title and mortgages on Saskatchewan farm properties. Lending institutions with foreign roots outside this province will have to

years to direct themselves of the loans and mortgage they hold when the legislation was passed but they'll have the right of appeal to the Court of the Queen's Bench in Saskatchewan.

The new legislation also means on annual disclosures of all properties larger than 160 acres that the banks and other non-agricultural corporations happen to be holding. It establishes a Farm Ownership Board to arbitrate disputes and, finally, it allows the bona fide Saskatchewan farmer — one who lived and farmed there for five years — to give his land to his immediate family even if they do not live in the province.

MANITOBA Most Manitoba commentators have their land law in perspective and therefore the issue of foreign land ownership here has little to do with vaccine property. It has everything to do with farming. For two years running, the NDP government rejected Liberal resolutions to forbid foreigners from buying Manitoba land. However the government's posture may not be quite the combination it appears to be.

It is not the fact of a Manitoba landowner's being "foreign" that bothers the government. It's his location that matters. Sam Utkin, the agriculture and ag-op development minister, is probably more outspoken about foreign landownership than anyone in the cabinet but even he has no quarrel with outsiders who come to Manitoba, buy farms and work there themselves.

What the NDP — and particularly Sam Utkin — really dislike are the alienation tendencies the people Utkin calls the "private land barons" — the foreign corporations who buy up huge chunks of farmland and profit by leasing them back to Manitobans. Utkin talks about the new one, Manitoba Farms Ltd., a 1,800- to 20,000-acre block. He talks out about efforts by international syndicates to outbid, 1991 Manitoba agriculture — the federal system of old Europe."

The Liberal-run Utkin is using the foreign land owners as a smoke-screen to hide his true purpose — which is to have the premier agree, land and is under government control over the matter of agricultural production.

None the less, can anyone Sidney Green — the Minister of Man. Resources and Environment Management — at all day to agriculture ideology. Not in this case anyway. He's one of Premier Schreyer's strongest cabinet ministers but his death on the very edge of government interference, with any man's God given right in his own land to the buyer of his choice. One that near Green is Tony Blair but despite the confusion a second possibility early this year that the government of Manitoba would soon put forward legislation some sort of revision.

tion on foreign ownership of Manitoba farmland.

ONTARIO The Ontario government's first real move against foreigners who buy private land in the province last spring and it was part of a larger tax program to dampen all speculative land speculation. The legislation put a 20% tax on the profits of anyone who buys and sells land without adding any real value to the property but there is also a new 20% land-transfer tax for foreigners who buy property in Ontario. John Wain, then Ontario Treasury Minister, explained:

"Speculation built by Canadian residents and by absentee holders of property seriously threatens the cost of housing and generates unwarranted wealth gains."

The land transfer tax for foreigners was significant but it did not go nearly so far as the select committee on economic and cultural nationalism had proposed in September of 1973. The committee's decision was not unanimous but it did recommend a complete ban on the sale to anyone but Canadians and landed immigrants of recreation land, agricultural land, and even of year-round residential properties, except the 10% of the land in a township north of South St. Mary. Others indicate that Americans own anywhere between 30% and 45% of vacation properties in the holiday hotspots of Muskoka and Haliburton. A government study as far back as 1954 showed that 17% of Ontario cottagers were Americans and that the bulk of their property was acquired in the 1950s. The committee reached its highly specific conclusion that although foreign ownership of Ontario recreation land was negligible in some places, it was undeniably as high as 95% in others.

It concluded no however that no matter what the exact situation was now, it was bound to get worse. Unless the government took action.

Moreover in Ontario the question of foreign land ownership involves far more than taxes and cottages. Southern Ontario is among the world's hottest real estate territories and no one knows how many foreign-owned or foreign-controlled companies are in Ontario land not for pleasure but as big businesses. Liberal leader Robert Mulroney says foreign firms own a "significant amount of land in central Canada" and that their money is driving up the price Canadians pay for land and houses. The Urban Development Institute had already estimated that companies either wholly or partly con-



Karen Siskind pushed BC into taking the first protective steps.



Robert Edwards with the Liberals in favour of Americans.

It might be exciting to have Dean Martin for a neighbour but it's worth losing all those farms and beaches?

orried by foreign interests have bought up as much as half of all future housing land for 30 miles around Toronto.

The select committee on economic and cultural nationalism has fostered a controversial ownership of real estate in Quebec "seems to be several billions of dollars, and is increasing annually. It is proposed that the government should acquire all future sales of land to companies whose ownership was not at least 75% Canadian.

QUEBEC I can Harry of the Montreal Gazette revealed last week the interesting case of one Robert Edwards, a New York real estate dealer who had bought 5,000 acres of prime Laurentian resort land for just "pennies close" to \$400,000. Edwards sells the land mostly to Americans living in the Midwest and southeast and according to Harry: "This American is getting eight times his money on our land. Not bad!"

The Quebec government did send a bill to eliminate land speculation in Quebec. That was back in June of 1972 and according to its provisions anyone who wanted to buy Quebec property would have to apply to a government department for a "certificate of approval" under the Civil Code of Quebec. There's no doubt whether anyone has the legal right to prevent a landowner from selling his property to the lowest bidder there. The purpose of the permit system was to bypass this problem by enabling the government to block certain sales at the permit stage, but apparently this attempt did not run around the Civil Code did not work.

Miss. farmers had held bi-annual demonstrations minister William Tetley they should be allowed to do what they want with their property, but one of their own officials warned, the Union of Agricultural Producers, has acquired a ban on all foreign ownership of Quebec land. They also warned the government to impose a special tax on owners of Quebec farm land who do not live in Quebec. Agreed? Minister Nordland. Tetley bravely endorsed their proposals while Tetley said there would be no action to restrict the amount of Quebec land foreign buyers could acquire.

NEW BRUNSWICK As far as anyone can gather, people who live outside New Brunswick own 12-14% of the province, and there are some more than 517 million New Englanders and Upper Canadians are probably the bulk of the nonresident owners and last year the government figured more than 1100 of these proprietors own as much as 100,000 acres.

Somewhere bought 1,300 New Brunswick properties in 1972-73 and 1974-75. In one county, American owners and proprietors numbered 400 in 1973; the number in 1974 was 1,012. The local agent for the Land Auction Bureau of Boston quickly purchased 2,000 acres of undeveloped property in West-

minsterland County in 1973 and it went up for auction to 115 bidders in New Brunswick. New Brunswick complained that the deal had denied them the chance to bid on land for 30 miles around a province, and a vacuum group proposed.

The British land investors did demand the province restricts agents, and choice waterfront areas but New Brunswick is big enough so that so far nonresident landownership is weak as a province-wide issue. Yet farmers they can sell their land to the highest bidder does not endanger them to a government on election day and the nationality of nonresident landowners does not particularly bother Premier Richard Hatfield. "My greatest concern to the speculators is just as wrong for somebody from Vancouver to buy land sit on it and then sell it at a high price as it is for somebody from Boston to do so."

In a study of nonresident ownership in south-east Cheshire County 37 people lively admitted they were holding land to turn a profit, but among those who said they used their land for recreation "only a small percentage" had cottages on their holdings. Moreover several dozen of large blocks simply refused to reveal their motives. Oliver Creek, New Brunswick's director of government, has no great faith that legislation against nonresident ownership would frustrate speculators. "I think the real test would be the land in order for a nonresident. There are many ways to get around it."

NOVA SCOTIA

In April 1974 the Nova Scotia government quietly (and, some thought brazenly) announced the expropriation of 5,662 acres of land on the South Shore. The land included two white beaches, 11 miles of shoreline and a bunch of lakes. For 26 years it had been in the family of Mrs. Dorothy

Wood of Dixie Heron Windsor, a landless immigrant who's been living on the land for 30 years. Immediately, there were rumors that Nova Scotia had only begun their mass expropriation of choice recreation land might follow, and, whatever anyone might think about the justice of the Regan government's methods, the move seemed likely to lead the crown's land speculation among non-residents, which recently been hitting all the most beautiful corners of the province.

A Maritime Bay realtor happily announced last April that Dean Martin was considering buying land in the Miramichi Lake area and that movie actor Arthur Kennedy, who's owned property in the Annapolis Valley, for several years, had bought more land on the shore. There were rumors that Raymond Burr (Perry Mason franchise) and Mel Gibson and John Bull were all interested in Nova Scotia land and that Mrs. Bull had in fact bought some.

The sight of Dean Martin's (under) in a Nova Scotia

larger store might arouse a certain amount of pleasant excitement, but many Nova Scotians who are much prouder than he is are deeply upset about what nonresident land purchases threaten to do to the old province. The show-the-people's money doesn't drive a land boom that threatens a lot of Nova Scotians where they live, both physically and spiritually.

The Citizens' Alliance for the Preservation of Nova Scotia Land argues that the land is fundamental to everything that is unique in the Nova Scotia way of life. And as well as this, the Nova Scotia's hundreds of years of presence and build is slipping away from us. The land, which, in the old days, once owned, are everywhere; manipulating prices, housing prices, farmland, driving up the prices of housing and directly forcing Nova Scotians out of their land.

The Alliance's concern may be dramatic but it is not irrational. Rightly, in the 4th House a Halifax weekly revealed that a company in Massachusetts owned 6,432 acres of Nova Scotia, that a Toronto outfit owned 6,000 more, that a Chicago company owned 4,586 acres in four counties, that a German doctor owned 1,562 plots of 12 parcels of undeveloped land, and that "in all, some of the largest holders on the Nova Scotia, 18 are American and one is West German." Now, apparently, halfhearted interest in the welfare of character of Nova Scotia. They were speculators, land-holders, inflation-hedgers.

Once again, reliable figures for the whole province are impossible to find. Under Nova Scotia law, nonresident landowners must list their properties with the Registrar of Land Holdings, and its records show 7,172 entries. The office holds, however, that at least 4,000 nonresidents are ignoring the law since county estimates figures show 11,548 nonresident landowners.

For tourists that escape a lot of people, nonresident concentrations (as opposed to individuals) have no obligation under the Land Holdings Disclosure Act to list their properties with the Registrar, and this confuses the picture even further. 1,000 and 1,000 records however suggest that out of the province total of 14 million acres, nonresidents own over 727,000 acres. Most of them are in the lush Annapolis Valley, along the South Shore of Cape Breton Island, or along choice stretches of waterfront.

Farmers feel that unless the government does also meet in similar fashion attractive areas, as the Nova Scotia Federation of Agriculture argues, "each and every farmer of this province must retain the exclusive and absolute right to sell to the highest bidder." And in many conversations, the politicians know such and every farmer by his first name.

PEI One earlier province is intensely agricultural and, among would-be landowners "far away," demonstrates prop-

erty. For those reasons, PEI has the country's toughest restrictions on nonresident landownership. A few years ago the government concluded that, in the past outsiders were buying PEI land, they'd own half the island within 25 years. It therefore ruled in 1973 that, without cabinet approval, no nonresident could buy more than 10 acres or more than 330 feet of shore frontage.

At the moment, nonresident individuals and corporations own more than 10% of PEI and, as in other provinces, their holdings tend to be superior recreational land. Nonresidents, for instance, now own between 18% and 15% of the shoreline.

What scares the government is the drift of farmers off their farms and farmland prices encourage the drift. Premier Campbell says his government is "determined to encourage the fullest possible use of land in PEI for agriculture." Nonresident owners rarely leave farms to production. At best, they use them for occasional recreation. At worst, they hold them and wait for another speculator to offer the right price.

The farm population of PEI was 61% of the island total in 1931. It was 43.6% in 1956. In 1951, it was 19.1%. Moreover, the province's recent loss of income tax has led to the loss of large and efficient farms, not only the number of farms but also the size of improved agricultural acreage has steadily declined. While the province has a good acreage in the recreational land market, government advertising was helping more and more people to vacation among the island's peculiar charms. Many farmers, reduced to a few acres of land, are now for sale.

Now, the province is considering legislation to keep farmers farming by granting tax exemptions to farmers who keep agricultural land in production and imposing restrictions on non-farmers who decide to keep it out of production.

NEWFOUNDLAND Foreign ownership of Newfoundland's 150,000 acres, a watershed right now the government has no plans for legislation to control it. The Newfoundland and Labrador real estate board confidently states that nonresidents are buying very little land in the province.

Moreover, most years they own the vast coast of Newfoundland and the southern shore of the Avalon peninsula. From May till early August, shorelines are rocky, beaches are grazed. A real estate dealer said: "The type of land Americans are looking for is not for sale in Newfoundland anyway."

The government, however, has introduced legislation to control the industrial use of forests, and it plans to redevelop forest land. The province also has a plan to encourage land ownership as a potential possibility for Newfoundland and Labrador, and may yet consider special taxes on foreign-owned land or restriction of some sort.



Dorothy Wood, first victim of Nova Scotia's get-tough policy



Alex Campbell belied the wholeness of PEI in nonresidents.



MAKING A PLACE

By Greg Cook

Land is not a commodity. Land is a legacy

I was fortunate. I grew up on a farm, and it was there that I first felt everyone should have a trying space. "An appointed place" as of yore. "This place is not home. Home is where we learned some rules. Not a ritual island at the mouth of the river. The island was our place outside the law. It is different with the river."

There you discover what is not and its natural community. As soon as you slowly follow the rule, for example, that mud-colored moss grows only on the north side of trees then you are lost in the discovery of an exception. The river is a place humans and fishermen may have. Some people who do other things have it too.

My first was along the brook that ran from our farm to the Choptank River near Yarnmouth, Nova Scotia. I could peel clusters of alder seeds there, eat the banana-like core and pretend I was an ape. Swinging over water on alders. I was Taz. Looking, the flowing water, I learned something of death, how not dissolved the river's quickness. Throngs of porridge and nibble, the chatter of squirrels, the birds and rain were there. Their sounds grew or died out of sound, wind and sun. There were soundtracks, evergreen sprigs and paper flesh resting. And there was the hush of decay and of renewal.

Just one lady's dapper a year passed. Mother. I took a girl there, and she looked from her car in my yard to the sky above eddying flows in my favorite brook and also saw what I had never seen before. When someone meets you in your year they see what you see and more.

If you recognize anyone as an intruder in your trying place, even if he is your father's nephew (the one who taught you how to use a gun), he may appear foreign. And you may do foolish things. I went there with him, and I thought I'd show him and my father how well I knew my way. I ran ahead to hide and wait in the tall grass. I knew they'd take and on my belly behind a moss-covered stump, I tried to hold my breath because its condensation shows in winter. And I packed because my parka spoiled my hearing of their coming. Had I not looked I would not have seen him turn to aim his gun at my right-for-park. And it would not have said, "Hi," pretending I hadn't seen how he'd almost shot me.

The revelation of what it is like to be a victim in the eyes of the man who taught you to shoot is a little just a moment of self-awareness in your trying space. If you experience the spirit of such a place you can survive.

But if we push back our frontiers until there is no more trying place, we are lost. The spirit of place — conservative mantras of self-awareness — diminishes and the last cries of identity from each of us. Land is more than mere commodity. When it changes hands, there is a transmission of feeling for that piece of land. There is an emotion in the last will and testament that passes land as a legacy, from an ancestor to a

descendant, and even between strangers the handing over of land can include a "waking" of dreams, hopes and experience. If it does not, then the community of an old testament and the growth of a new one, cannot flourish. And now, foreign newspapers and magazines offer up our legacy. Nova Scotia land — "It's as rare. Good investment opportunity."

Michael and Cathy and a friend of theirs, all in their twenties, convinced a man (who had already been offered three times as much as they could raise for the property) to sell them 300 acres of wood land near Diligent River, NS. On this same site, just above the watermark of the earth's highest tides, a family homesteaded since one October night in 1896. Father and son went to the barn to see what troubled their beaving livestock. Neither barn nor livestock, nor son nor husband were seen again after the wife heard the crash and retreat of the Saxby Gale's tidal wave. The wife packed what she could carry and walked alone out of memory.

Michael and Cathy have committed to renew the decaying by leg and almost 40 years later. They telephoned me to ask for help yarding their cabin logs because Michael was sick and the old man, Lady, was on leave for only a few days. The night I arrived at their cottage the full moon was as bright I could read "barn" on a jar of their disinfectant. Lady's vision was bright enough to run a wide shaft across Cape Sable and the Nova Scotia channel that some think may be my hero as one of the world's greatest supplies of hydro power.

Lady taught us as much as one needs to know to get 60 logs through the woods in a cabin run.

But we had time to predict, on evening to a close on a spring-fed lake where trout lay deep. And we talked to the blue barn as we blasted our hands cutting foundation stone. And we watched for the moment as rare as the breathless Michael found and Cathy found by kissing him.

I found time to wander to the woods, watch the snake catch its frog lunch and laugh at the foot herd. I saw Michael and Cathy's love grow larger than the old-fashioned respect they were learning for what a man and woman can do together with their hands. It embraced everything around them. Their dream is that building their trying place slow and easy will make it perfect.

Gordon and Charlotte Hammond looked at the globe from Toronto and discussed why they wanted out. "We just decided that this way of life, the country way, is so much better for the kids," Charlotte recalls. "And I would have time to paint. Our relationships in the city were getting too nervous and we just wanted to be alone. To stay you had to totally

Greg Cook is a senior lawyer in Wolfville, NS.

"Suppose we cut the last tree that grows, then pull out?"

commit yourself to fighting for the rights changes for the city."

Adjacent to an old milldam on an 18-acre piece of farmland that juts into the Atlantic, Gordon found a 22-room house haunted by wood stoves. Across the paved road to Clam Harbor, about 80 miles east of Halifax, the property extends into 200 acres of woodland. The owner was in his sixties, his wife had just died, and his asking price was simply what it would cost him to buy a trailer, move back to where he was born, dig a well and build a garage.

"He wasn't greedy," Gardes remembers. "He really seemed to get off on the idea of a young family coming in and sort of doing things."

"You know," the man said, "I've taken' all the breakfast except I've taken' the old bedroom suite that came up from Boston by sled in the 1890s — and I've taken' some of the silver and china's also."

The lawyer in Toronto told Gordon he'd better get an amended list. "I said, well hell, he can't be selling us the house and everything. Everything was here. The fence was here and there were stumps in it and frozen blueberries."

Charles remembers, "The first thing that just amazed me was the space. The first two months we just couldn't believe we were here."

But the edge of his image of space was first frayed on August 25, 1972, when the government announced a national park for a 325-square-mile area all around them. The land and beach beside them would become the heart of the park. "We had some friends here that weekend, and we went down to the beach to look at what we might lose. We were filled with tears

The very kind of battle the Hammond's had fled in Toronto had come to roost on their ocean doorway. For 18 months they were in the forefront of a citizens' fight with government to save 26 parsonages and 165 summer or retirement homes that were destined for burning or demolition. They and some others enlisted press sympathy, 2,000 petitioned and 500 marched on the legislature to articulate and hold intact a cultural heritage, a dream of space and freedom.

Prime holdings adjacent to park boundaries sold within days — some even before the official government announcement — at prices inflated by 30% to 500%, but finally in December of 1973, the provincial government announced that it was reaching an agreement with Ojibwa to provide the national park.

Prime Minister Gerald Ragan said the cost of private land for the proposed national park would have been nearly \$10 million. But in this struggle to share the trust, who were the ultimate winners? The residents who protested? Perhaps. Or was a state-private enterprise, friends of the Reagan government who speculated in land near the park before it was even announced? Or was it buyers in New England who invested in the land as a hedge against inflation, or the Scott/Marrion & Pelly company, which buys the timber for millions on a crown land in the area?

And how does the foreign owner of land expose the spirit of a legacy? Scott Maritime Pulp Limited owns one million acres of forest in Nova Scotia. The title to nearly 10% of Nova Scotia's land mass rests in the Photoduplex books of this Canadian-owned corporation. The land has been appreciating substantially in value every year. Scott and two other pulp companies have access to roughly 25% of the province's forest.

Thomas Smith knows quite a bit about the pulp companies. He's 61, a scarred dairy farmer in Hidden, near Truro. Abstract landlords in Scotland were one reason why his grandfather settled in Nova Scotia in 1776. Tom, the only son in the third generation, was destined to become a farmer.

Some 10,000 poor Scotsmen own 52% of all the available arable land. Each of them owns 200 acres or fewer, and they are mostly farmers, wage-earners and old people who depend on their smallholdings to supplement their incomes.

Tom Smith believes that the pulp companies discovered they could buy half their wood from these small operations at a price lower than the cost of taking wood off their own land or crown land. And he believes the four biggest pulp companies have acted as a combine to offer the lowest prices in Canada on a take-or-leave-it basis. These are the reasons why he was president of the Nova Scotia Woodlot Owners Association in its eight-year struggle to win collective bargaining rights from the provincial government.

Tom remembers his testimony before the legislature's law amendments committee.

"I said during the early stages we tried to be on good terms with the pulp companies. We wanted each one. And one of our members especially was Nona Scotia Forest Industries Limited [the Swedish-based company at Point Tupper, Cape Breton Island]. They showed us through the mill and put on a banquet. And the Swedish owners called on our bar office."

"Look here," he says, "the most of you are farmers. You haven't got too much time to look after your woodlot."

"And," he says, "my first responsibility is to the share holders of this company and they are foreign shareholders, and we're gonna cut trees in Nova Scotia. We have experienced men who can cut efficiently. We've got trucks and can haul your pulpwood for you. And we can even plant trees for you, if you'll just make a deal."

Smith's response was blunt: "I said, 'Brother, no deals with the devil.'"

I worked with him up behind his farm to what he calls his "back." One of the highest hunk above the brook that gave the farm its name. You feel how the entire piece out of a man when he realizes that none of his five sons or daughter may ever take over the farm. I think I see deer sign, but he says he doesn't think there are many deer left. Yet coming down he find deer hair on the bushes we have to cross. There is no trapping place. I think he refuses to cut it out because of the questions of price or of who thinks they are not the same - but because the natural growth of huge natural remains as he touched and more personal of the Jersey hauled him

Tom South, the Hammonds, and Michael and Cathy may provide a glimpse of our legacy of land in Nova Scotia: its ownership will go on forever, and its dream of fration. Their lives are real, occupied and private. I have no right to enter or leave there. But you may come into my trying place. I abandoned it as a boy in favor of the town, of the university and the city of the job. But I have not lost it.

Death of life is discovered in perspective and balance. You may discover that while in your thinking phase, but like a memory, it may be less understood. As Michael and Cathy, their 12-year-old son, identify the concept or feel the essence of a heartbeat. As the Hammond's I may feel the essence of space, or what makes a good brother now. These are things we shared. As Tim Searl's we confirm these are still a few shared ideas when he holds the sword of battle and we are. And I may see how out there a legacy is almost to the point of writing itself, as these large letters in his "dark" glow hollow. I don't go to my boy's anytime. Someone else than my father owns it now. I don't need it. The legacy of this land is alive in memory. And if someone puts a foreign voice in me, I know what to say, how to begin. ☺



WALDEN ISLAND

By Elizabeth Walden

It's her paradise. As an American she may have to fight for it

and part the province of Nova Scotia embraced it was taking back 5,682 acres from an Ohio woman who had maintained the shoreline property as its natural state since 1946. This was easily the most startling effect of the \$4.7 million Nova Scotia allocated in 1974 for reclaiming land from private owners. Well, I've got a warning for Dr. Maurice Delaney, the provincial Minister of Lands and Forests. If he decides to appropriate my island property and he's not wanded off by the bow of a junk at our landing, if deer and wild sheep don't burrow under the fence, if the wind doesn't sit at the mercy by the children, well, I'll give you 100 answers and one small American number with four fives and a shotgun braced on the rooftop by hand her cards. 19th-century here.

It became a Nova Scotian window into (though one crossed and worried) page of a Nova Scotia weekly newspaper in the winter of 1960 I had submitted to the paper from my home in New York State just to keep in touch with the area where, five years before, my parents had bought an old house and 30 acres by the sea. WORDS OF ADVERTISED TAX SALE was predominant. I suppose, to draw my eight-acre bit of 599-21 — taxes due on 265 offshore acres and "some buildings."

I already knew the island somewhat having often seen it from the shore from the road between town and my parents' place. From a distance I'd seen the high rocky bluffs, forest and lighthouse and saw around the island in my brother's two wheel chain boat beached at a wooden pier on the

The tax auction was a repeat, no bidders the first time. Another property on the island was up again for \$40,000 but, not wanting to win a piggie, I put in only the one bid — and was still kicking myself. A speculator now, on the land I could have had then for \$40,000 and has offered me some for \$10,000. He also owns the island's north end, an old house and 65 acres. I could have had for \$500. I think he wants \$75,000 for it. Another speculator, a real one, \$12,500 for 28 acres, over a mile

The only bad was my 399 21. If in one year the satellite-quant owner did not reclaim his 265 acres and "come build

sings" the dove would press to me. The following June I was alone to see what might be mine. And I was met by companionate violence: "That old place? You'd do best with a cat of grease, butt her down and start over." Which I took to mean there actually was a house.

The fisherman's door, couldn't land me fast enough. Above a wind-moored orbifold and higher strand of spruce, I caught sight of two bird chimneys and a fruit roof. I climbed a knoll and found a celine hole and several magnificent apple trees. The view was spectacular.

On the crest of a sloping field stood the house, as if a stream had put it there, rose-hued and miniature, two peaks inclined in union, so quiet in the waving grass it seemed to be expecting me. I moved around it marveling at corners and mottled windows, fumes, granite blocks the length of sofas. If this place were's north were to stand, what was?

[illegible]

Elizabeth Warden is a writer who divides her time between New York, Maine and her island in Nova Scotia.



by three, view, walk, a coffee hole. In '81 I had the ducts to the new roof put on by hand help.

The hunt for a willing carpenter was in half several times on the old shore roads. Requirements were rugged. He needed a boat, strength for the loads we carried, and a penchant for the absurd. No telephone, was a 25-mile chase from my parents' house on the mainland to show the water around the side of the island, was often blind but never wide-open. Word spread, and in many an hour of patient waiting I'd be making friends. I landed an army — or rather a navy — of friends.

The first to come to my aid were the lightkeepers stationed three miles from my place. They and a swimming lobsterman were the island's only residents. Without their boat, shaft, hook, track, and polemen I doubt that I'd have a house there now. Certainly, no kitchen refrigerator, no 500-pound antique pump organ either. The keeper's wife sustained me with homecooking, the lightkeeper's "second man" demolished some partitions, saved plaster walls, raised the pulpit, and a small lawn and wild shrubs arrived here. For three, summer I was without a house. The lightkeepers would ferry me over for three-day work stints, while the lobsterman stayed with their grandchildren. (All admit here, to a divided dependence on grandmother-lover, her vegetable garden and warm rooms warring an father-peace with hammer, saw, marine paint and words of encouragement.)

I worked a team to chop-and-dredge droppings on the floor made. Kibby and chis-chischi, piling the walls. The predecessor's trash was cleared, but now lingered with the shells, Seafair as a distraction, but no one in the upstairs, and still another reason I chose to leave the spirit of the old man whose name was etched on a kitchen plate, the man who'd built the place up 1810 and a real worker. He over-dropped on my thoughts, forced them to keep in the old ways when I realized the restored interior. "No grandstanding," he shouted from his muffled door, he pattering halfway up the stairs. Until we get along better I stayed at it. I stayed outside. Then the air was part. A hammer in the evening spot, almost like the old man. Two walls of brick new shingle rose, two windows were worked from the shell of a house down the wagon road and added to mine, the woodshed was reworked.

In a shock of red, white for the men the house was coming back to life. The stain would deepen, then fade. The old man had had the same stain. I think, and was thereafter kinder to me. Said with an carpenter gear and 100 wooden poles set in place. I chose to stay in the island time. The stain was not mine, a lobster-er my wife a house wedged in a broken chair was the mark: a pull-spray shower hung from a lamb, a



backless cedar seats, the lightkeeper's wife on one, one. Otherwise I was alone. My first real sense of being-er came that winter past summer. The fall means now over the ferry to light no way by night. By day I had the animals for company. Sheep and deer, mice and gophers at incursions, a sheepskin on the wall, a goat. One heifer barking at me from the collapsed barn roof as it swayed in the wind.

September came, the gray like ice and drift when I'd leave the tent. A mother's love finally forced me, into the house with the window smokes, told in a case inside. The kitchen range needed fixing first, but everywhere I looked the needs piled on. And so I had to children and parents, room rooms, bath and bed. Next summer I would have to face it, the time had come for the inside work I decided. One room per summer was accomplished, the living room spread over three.

During two winters the island's lobsterman built our big pole landing, moved the fish house roof, worked on a drainage system for the Keweenaw, and even sank 175 cords, big enough for small people's baths and ended by a rehab. Dad built concrete. When the kitchen was ready and the new bath launched, we moved in.

Since then the old man of the house has been fairly idealistic. Until the children left but gave the stars at night. They kept about here that know he's always there. Slow to accept the new, and different, such as we others, he likes to monkey with the known side, push the cleaning rag and keep it halfway up the face system, poke holes in the old part, put the glass chimney, break it, and keep the door from lighting two times out of three. Often, though I'd glad he's there. Once he called me down from a second story to check a lantern light burning high by a parent.

I know nothing about mares when I took possession of our 18-foot Cape Island boat with only half for children and camp. The lobsterman at Sandy Point kept her car, a canoe, and her each spring as a good side boat. Instead the Moth's as loaded often in the garden with lumber, windows, doors. Franklin was a iron boat, pump-out, admitted to me one a flight verging on panic when I first rode the outboard alone. He seemed happy. I told her rough water, rocks and foghorn gear, where I have to trust the children's future, day, eat and groceries to the compass and the love of choice. After about 20 hours and crowding of a summer I began to expect culture of some, none on the two-mile diagonal across the harbor's mouth. In rough weather I went out on my own, but in fine conditions and got in with the shore ladder leading — 20 feet down to low tide while the Moth side-bugs against the pier. Then the was calculating from mooring to pier to pole



landing, the several wherefrom look up the long hazardous path. When I dare, I bring the Moth's in on the poles. A big rock narrows the landing, and tide and wind must be right. Before the mooring was rigged she would drag anchor in strong weather, one night she moved all the way to the old rocks. I hung prongs from her nearly exposed hull and 2 a.m., when the tide finally turned.

I'd always thought of her as young, but the Moth's growing old. She is the parent job on the house, and the kitchen needs redoing. The house now has a guest room and shower room in the attached wood shed.

Now that the house is so old, there's time at last for the old. Remains of a 19th-century community, axes, bottles, crocks and earlier artifacts from the "penance" island. I've one the archeologist in me, beachcombing a night, old. One side offers doors, masts, and on bricks, ceilings, wheels, a mile-line personalities. Something's either missing or never had, no having ones required in either case.

Maybe my favorite sport is a morning walk in the woods. It follows shots of light that reveal a distance I don't know in detail. Inexactly pure darkness, another effort, hole, some wall looking to obscure, offspring of an apple tree. With each new discovery the dilemma deepens: how to save this old mine from pole anchors? The island is threatened, the north end, severely, by speculators. They want to develop. They don't own a protected western shore, a beach lot, giant, but if no one fights they'll take it.

All lights.

In 1972 we voted town-meeting, supporting someone partially the Department of Transport. One October Wednesday I heard chain saws start up, heavy equipment thunder over the highway and knew that the risk of electricity for an island island light-house was becoming actuality. In my parent trap I saw through the bookshelves, shadows. "These are my trees," I yelled. "And you're building out the common zone, you're!" (The old chair and ax, for signaling the lightkeeper's house were in place on a bank of spruce and hick and apple. I have a thing about them, they only oral officials confirmed the highway department's right of way. 40 feet across what the darkness the line for the original park and now owned by the highway department's wiper since World War II.

Further along the highway, slender, mottled poles marked the spots where by now could stand. Neaning the south end a 200-year-old pine tower where the road bends. A landmark for the early settlers, the tree, in the island's veins could be seen from all sides, and here the light-house was a landmark from the shore of the market implied as a mark like spears of a



plow. To make way for new black electrical pole the land-mass was devoted to meet the chain saw. I protected the old poles were destroyed, the pine trees, but the power line could not be bypassed. Today, an electric line plus a diving gas regulator, the light-house's old sand-powered boat, if the keep-er goes, someone will have made a grave mistake. Come a winter storm, a fallen wire and the usual automation bugs, a critically needed light, unattended, could be being disaster.

Self-protection was a main concern for many years. This meant the hands with letters like the knot anchor, where I've lived. After 30 years of cleaning, delving on records, I learned that the old housekeeper belonged in 1790 in my old brother's father, and since 1960 has had to have paid by one ruling with him on 100 other laws I didn't know about. I've dated my name, was allowed to spread here and there on the far map as a civic center, reducing the office of education to a converted room, a kitchen, and a small tax hole. I didn't qualify, I found I paid the state on more, average to the south, gained lot, and found I'd beaten a development team to it by a couple of hours.

And that has made me a land-grabber. Graying with the 100-acre island, more than I can contain. I've formed a partnership with the American friends. Together we hope, to lead off development, are pledged to defend the white, the black, the land, the island's history. In 1980 each of the two will own an original 50-acre grant near in the, subdivided, or in certain more than one drilling, gradually, less. Meanwhile under our "Southern Agreement," as it is, the laws and the partners begin to test the southern parts.

Look, naturally, there's some local resentment. Yet I don't see how I could have grandfathered — You were there, you didn't see that. In 1960 you had no money, why didn't you bid? A lot more cash, than I, and spending no more, than you would for a car, you could have had, the old place, what it is today. Might not the millions of dollars in this province be set aside for re-forming land from private owners — expropriation — he better used against the speculation and development than the American resident who cherishes his land and wildlife? I'd like to have the whole island, to keep it as a heritage, I hope. I hope the best's right, the best is, I hope. Still, the island's history are not its property. The island belongs to itself. It belongs to the water in the mainland or the water it should belong to anyone, who steps ashore and pushes boats, breathes its special fragrance, follows its paths and again must, glad to find it improved — maybe restoration in the unpopulated part of the island, the sea that was left behind by people, or lost in the mist, wind.

THE VOLKSWAGEN SCIROCCO.



What can happen when designers and engineers agree on something.

The new Volkswagen Scirocco (sheer acknowledgment) was aptly named after a hot, Mediterranean wind by its designer, Italy's Giorgetto Giugiaro, one of the world's greatest.

By teaming him up with Germany's most demanding engineers, we created a car that's a gem of both exciting looks and crisp function.

For instance, Scirocco's streamlined, wedge shape is the result of stylish design coupled with months of aerodynamic wind tunnel tests. (So when we added additional features like our front and rear spoilers, we did it not just because they look good, but because we also learned they further improved Scirocco's already superior road-hugging abilities.)

The Scirocco's water-cooled engine is mounted transversely over the front axle. Again, not only does this save space and make good design sense, it puts the weight over the front drive wheels for optimum traction and grip of the road.

Inside Scirocco's true, sportscar cockpit you'll

find a classic sports dash, with large dials for eye-flick checking. Plus a centre console with further instrumentation.

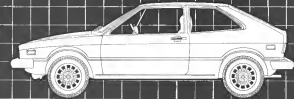
In the front, its two, body-contoured bucket seats adjust to almost any position. In the back, the single bench seat is molded into two virtually separate seats. Plus, open the hatchback rear door, and you've got a deep trunk. (If you need room to carry really big things, simply fold away the back seat and presto! You've got over 18 cu. ft. of carpeted space.)

Add to all of this a truly innovative suspension system, precise, real sportscar handling, and you've got yourself quite a machine. And it's all totally covered by the VW Owner's Security Blanket, probably the most advanced car coverage plan in the world.

The hot, new VW Scirocco is something special. Our designers agree, our engineers agree. Take one for a brisk test drive. Your agreement will make it unanimous.



VW SCIROCCO SPECIFICATIONS.



ENGINE

Type: Four, 4 cyl. water-cooled, cast iron block and steel cam shafts, 81 mm x 76 mm
 Bore x stroke 3.91" x 3.15" = 34.5 x 80 mm
 Displacement 89.7 cu. in. 1.47 l.
 Compression ratio 8.5 to 1
 Carburetor 1 x 2.40" double
 Valve Gear
 Intake (lit./min) 14.0
 Torque (ft.-lb./min) 79
 Torque (kgf.-m) 41
 Horse hp (kW) 85 (62)
 Horse hp (kW) 85 (62)
 Horse hp (kW) 85 (62)
 Horse hp (kW) 85 (62)

DRIVE TRAIN

Transmission 4-speed, all-synchromesh
 Gear drive ratio 3.40 to 1 (overdrive 0.78 to 1)
 Gear drive ratio 1.34 to 1
 Gear drive ratio 1.34 to 1
 Gear drive ratio 1.34 to 1
 Gear drive ratio 1.34 to 1

CHASSIS AND CHASSIS

Wheelbase 54.1 in.
 Track 54.1 in.
 Length 155.1 in.
 Height 50.2 in. (including roof)
 Ground clearance 4.9 in. (fully loaded)
 Dry weight 1,074 lb.
 Ballast capacity 13 cubic ft. (300 kg)
 Ballast capacity 13 cubic ft. (300 kg)
 Fuel capacity 17.5 gal. (66 l.)
 Oil capacity 5.5 gal. (21 l.)
 Washer capacity 1.1 gal. (4 l.)

SUSPENSION

Front beam, coil-over shock absorbers with 16 mm spring, shock absorbers, steel, trailing arms

STEERING

Type rack-and-pinion, rack and pinion

WHEELS

Size 15 x 5.5 in. (381 x 140 mm)

WHEELS AND TIRES

Wheel type cast aluminum, 4-spoke

Tire size radial ply, non-slip, 175/70R13 (optional)

Recommended inflation pressure, PSI 26-36 psi

Performance 100 mph 10.0 sec (0-100)

0-60 mph 10.0 sec (0-100)

Top speed 100 mph 10.0 sec (0-100)

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SWEET DREAMS

Text by Barbara Frum

Illustration by Peter Swan Photographs by John Stephens

It's ridiculous, of course, but even the most celebrated people around us, those super-achievers who live charmed lives, dream of doing something else, of being someone else. You can understand: you expect that a janitor might want to throw away his broom, sprinkle himself with a dash of magic dust and be transformed into an oil baron; but it doesn't seem right that the men and women at the top have the same cravings.

We knew they do because we asked some prominent Canadians to share their closest daydreams with us. We found out that Pierre Trudeau does get tired of gazing the ship of state and slipping out to lunch with the Queen, Jean Drapeau, who seems to be living his fantasies to the hilt every day, dreams of throwing all his redecorating schemes for Montreal out the window and catching the first slow boat to the beyond where he would answer to the bearded Nivalist Margaret Laurence; wants to be an anthropologist, former diplomat George Ignasiak yearns to be a great chef, a latter-day Escoffier, and so on.

We were intrigued, and since it's not given to many of us to act out our secret lives, we asked these ladies and gentlemen to show us how it feels to try their fantasies on for size.



Karen Kain of the National Ballet says: "I think being a ballerina is pretty exciting, but I would love to go to some south seas island and lie on the beach in the sun."



Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Prime Minister and cosmopolitan says: "I would like to have a wilderness lodge on the Nahanni River open for business one week a year."



W. G. Mitchell, man of letters, confesses that he wouldn't mind being "a woman married to a sterile millionaire, or failing that, a plumber. Both would provide me a living with dignity."



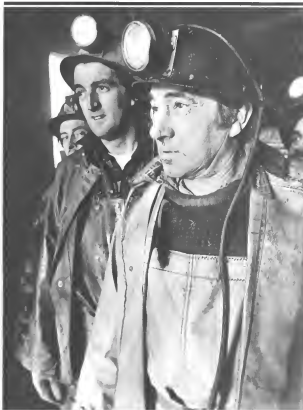
David Serrão, generalist, TV star and charter member of the Iron By Fun club says, "I want to be a running back in football along the lines of Jim Brown."



Lloyd Robertson, voice of CBC news, would just love to be an international diplomat, but he'd settle for becoming "a member of Canada's equestrian team."



Bes Boys, Olympic diver, says, "I really want to be a skinny millionaire so I can enjoy all the great food in the world," but she also wants to be best in the world at anything — "preferably diving."



THE BAD DEATH

A hundred miners are dead, 100 more dying. That's the way of it, boy

BY ELLIOTT LEYTON

Along the rugged south shore of Newfoundland's St. John's Peninsula are nestled the powerful villages of Lunn and St. Lawrence. For years these two communities have owed their economic lives to the nearby deep-sea mines; now they owe their deaths to those same mines. One household in every three contains a dead or dying miner; there is no family that has not been numbed by the loss of a father, an uncle, a son or a brother. Any man who worked steadily in the mines before 1960 — when new equipment was brought in — expects to die, is waiting to die.

These men are victims of what they call "the miner's disease" — silicosis, lung cancer and other diseases brought on by years of inhaling the mine's dust or exposure to background radiation. They are also the victims of economic blight. The mine project began in 1932 when an American entrepreneur arrived to sell the villagers — then living in abject poverty — diamond houses, wire, almost on top of one of the world's richest deposits of thorium, an eventual ingredient in steel and atom-bomb fuel.

In 1933 the St. Lawrence mine was opened, using second-hand equipment. No regulations governed the mining operations until 1961, and for years half-starved men used 10 tons or more a day, half-choked with the dust of poisonous business, trying to scrape a living from the rock. Portfolios of bones lodged in their lungs, and radiation from its immense low-grade deposit of thorium wafted off through the air, breathing a deadly triple threat.

Even when the mines began to shut, in the 1960s, little attention was paid, and while the men themselves knew something was wrong they also knew they were trapped — there were no other jobs to go to. In 1980 a federal study fully possessed the danger, but by then it was too late. In all, more than 100 miners have died; just one knows the exact cause of those whose deaths are directly attributable to mine work; and another 100 are sick.

The only mining company still oper-

ating is owned by Allan, its representative has always conformed to mining regulations and since 1960 powerful new ventilation systems have been installed to clear the air. Allan believes it has solved the problem for those still at work, and Dr. Brian Hollywood, who has devoted decades to the plight of the miners, is guardedly optimistic.

Sell the men go below, passed every day, and in 11 those whose health is not good beyond repair sit at home and wait for the end.

Last summer Elliott Leyton of Memorial University in St. John's went to Lunn and St. Lawrence with a tape-recorder to set down the story of the dying miners of Newfoundland. From his interviews he has compiled a book,

Dying Ward: The Resign Of Fatalism, which has just been published by McClelland and Stewart. Land the roughness from which will go mainly to the miners and their families. The following is an excerpt from *Dying Ward*. It is the story of Jack Callaghan (not his real name), 21, whose illness has been diagnosed as silicosis and associated heart failure.

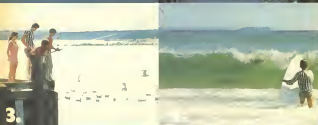
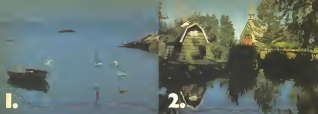
I was born in Lunn. My father was a fisherman, but my father died when I was eight years old. He got a drill in his arm back in the industry, that's how he lost his arm and he died. We had nothing then, only poverty. When I was a child you don't know how hard it was. We used to get six cents a day, the whole family. Ground here, then, after some muggins' he is that and you had to sell the muggins out of that or get it out the best you could. You'd open the sack and see a mung, mung. There was no pork, no beef, no butter, only just a yard of land and reared a cow, you got a drop of milk from your cow. My mother used to put 115 cents, three months after me, the father died that was a person 545 a year.

Up until that time I got into the mine I had it pretty bad. Because taking the price was that big, and you wouldn't be getting all that much. First time I ever went in to Salt Cove

Block. I went on down on the surface in 40. Worked a few months on the surface and then I went underground. Worked so long and then came home for a spell, fishing, and then back again for another spell working. I boarded there for a spell 13 months, but I never level there. We used to stack these camp ourselves when the mine was at. The company had stacks made these about six or seven people in it, banks alongside of her, a table and a stove. Carry your own grub, walk for yourself. And then after a while the company put a cookhouse there. You paid. First that were in my shack are dead. They all had the miner's disease.

When I went down there first, boy, we started off on the 150 level. The drill was only narrow, just room enough to shove a little trolley and make about two foot wide I suppose. Just there your trolley up to the top and you need to have to fire back the track to your market with a hand shovel. You'd load up and come out and dump it down into a head. The bucket it come down and some body it load it and blow it up. It was paid there then because the wages it paid out. You had a little drill, only six feet or eight feet wide, and the ground wasn't levelled that much. Daily pay, cutting a push through. And then after we work another shift, we started moving there then. Every morning, being up and everywhere 30-40 feet wide. Well everything got pretty shabby. Lots of bumps you looking up at, you never knows if they was going to stop up there.

In the first eight or 10 years they done a great lot of dry drilling. No water set. They were only using a dry hammer and those was nothing, only smoke and dust all the time. Well that going down into your throat all day long had to go some-where. You were all the time blowing you wouldn't hardly breathe with the smoke down there then, water that much as we used to bother you, but you had to go in to do the best you could. You'd just drive back for a spell till she'd blow out a bit. You'd turn on your air hose and blow on your dirt and clear



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A world of water, the Cabot Trail is the only place in the world where the water rises and falls twice a day. It's a unique experience, and a great place to enjoy the view.

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A world of water, the Marine Drive is the only place in the world where the water rises and falls twice a day. It's a unique experience, and a great place to enjoy the view.

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Want to find out more about friendly, historic Nova Scotia? Send for our colorful complete Nova Scotia vacation kit.

Then all you have to do is count the days till summer.

NOVA SCOTIA

Couldn't you use a little now?

The company wouldn't do nothing for you anyhow. The way they looked at it was, "I paid you, I never have to keep you no more"

as you could get it you'd clear away your shoes and start making again. When you were going ahead with your light, you could see something like a ring, your light was always through marks. You'd see ends, you often see the sun shining like that. Outside of that, they she was a beautiful spot to work. I was making, I was drilling, I was

making. It was at it all when I was there. I liked the more good work I was there. The reason why everybody did like it was you went down there and the time used to go wonderful fast. Say if you had a contract, perhaps 20 buckets. Well if you got good going, you got that in a couple of hours, with a transfer having 10 buckets at a time. You always

made it in four. And then you had the other four hours home. She was good that way. Although we were getting on money we were getting a lot of trouble. It was a very good spot to work. They'd give you a job and you had to do your best. And if you didn't get it all even one you went there, they didn't throw any more at you. They were pretty fair that way. We used to have to get 15 buckets for the company and then after that you'd get 20 or 15 cents for yourself for a ton bucket.

After word of the miner's desire came out there was a lot of disapproval, a lot of talk. Because they really didn't know how to know if the company knew it, the decision knew it, a really should have been let out before it was. If it was in these other big mines up in Canada it was kept very quiet and nobody knew nothing about it. Then there was a lot of people talking about it, a whole lot of people. The company wouldn't do nothing for them after any time, because I suppose it was those you sent to the government. They paid you for what you done and the way they looked at it, I was working with them, they could say "Well, I paid you, I never have to keep you anymore."

When I found out the situation was in the mine, I jumped ship, got out. Dr. Quinlan he came to a union meeting and he told us what was there. He explained we what we were up against. He came out and he told us "You were working in a mine, and ever hear me as good as mine was?" The way he explained it, the weakness part of your system, no matter what part of your body that was, that was the part that thing would hit. Whether it was your lung, your head, legs, whatever the weakest part of you was.

I never even went back looking for a job on the surface after I come up, because I didn't want any more to do with them. I thought I might be after escaping it, and so I left with a house. I learned they were after taking every thing from me and the mail was reading just as much as I understood. So I suppose all over the place it was, wherever the "type" was in. The whole air was full of it, folks that weren't warm under the collar got it, no goddamne, they had to get it somewhere.

They're after doing just the same as the way Sam O'Reilly. I worked with him three years, the two of us together, and he help us. God, I didn't know him. That's where he got it in the eyes. After they told me that's what it was, I wouldn't believe it, I'd say "No, that

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There are many more ways to enjoy Chemineaud Brandy than you might have imagined. You can certainly enjoy it in a snifter. Because Chemineaud is a superbly smooth blend of the finest brandies, delicately aged from 4 to 10 years.

But, C.B. is excellent in mixed drinks, too. Its fine flavour blends easily with ginger ale, tonic water,

soda, or whatever you like.

And, C.B. is sensational when you want to be more adventurous. Try Chemineaud in your coffee, or in something different like a Flamingo Flinging. Then try it in your kitchen. Because C.B. makes so many things come alive with flavour. Like pepper steak flambé, or simple pancakes turned into crispies, or

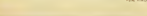
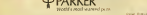
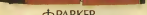
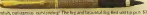
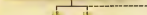
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"You know what that does to you what's down there? That'll even take away your nature, You won't want women or nothing"

wasn't Sam O'Reilly." He was raised out by God, it went right in his brain.

I can remember sitting down in our hall playing bridge one night with a man that I worked with when there was hardly any difference in him to look at from him you. And all of a sudden he got a little bit queer and no time after he was feeling miserable. Jesus he never lived no three months. He got operated on, and then they operated on him. They operate you up and a little you full of air. I think pretty well that this person from St. Lawrence to go in to take the operation was Abner Andrews. He came back with the lungs took out and told everybody he was sound, sound, and in a couple weeks he was going to go fishing or go back to work. He came here one day looking for a lobster and he told me he was feeling pretty miserable. A couple weeks after that he was in there then, gasping for breath. Never had an eye on him after.

Before the doctor let it out in the latter part of '59, I'd been off a few months and I wanted to go to work again. Our foreman, Merdock Justice—God Almighty couldn't make them any better than that, we all loved him—he told me this in his own kitchen. He said, "You're not going back there again." And I says, "Yes boy, I'm going back there again." He said, "You know what it does that they do to you?" And I said, "No, I don't." "Well," he said, "they're doing down there." And everything that he told me is after happening now. He said, "You know what that does with you what's down there?" That'll take away your nature, you won't want women or nothing. That's a fact." So it was a funny sickness isn't it? It goes through your whole system I suppose. But I didn't believe him. I thought he was just figuring he didn't want to take me back.

The year Alvin was born, '61, I went down to the doctor. I was feeling miserable. I was on the relief, the "punkie" they used to call it. I was waiting for the Reliefing Officer to come on the order. I was drawing \$23 a week. So the day the Relieving Officer comes and tells us we had to go to Bern to work in the fish plant. There was going to be no more relief. You had to go get a medical. So I went down to get a medical. A week was up and I had to go back for a report. So I gets in to Dr. Hollywood and Jesus he was frightened to death. I said, "I'm supposed to get a medical to go to work." "Lord," he says, "you're not going to work, you're going home. He is down to the deck, and write a letter put it in an envelope and send 'em."

get home now and get this off to the Relieving Officer as fast as you can. About a month after that we got the usual assistance. Not too long after that I got a call to go on to St. John's. So I went up to Dr. Wilder and he gave all over me and everything and told me my chest was rotten. "You had a cruel bad chest." So he gave me another paper and I had to go to General Hospital for some more tests. The doctor he, say he wanted no operation. So I said, "No. I'm not taking no operation." I suppose they must have got led up on me then, so they sent me home. This wouldn't give me the money, but it was a good spell.



Before, they bothered me, my mind.

In April they called me back to the Consolidation Building. Three doctors there then: Dr. Bennett, Dr. Wells and Dr. Sullivan. Lord Jesus, one fellow put me in there and he went all over me twisting and turning and drawing me, went out and the other fellow came in and he did the same. Then the other fellow come in and he drew the same. If they hadn't knocked off I would have fallen on the floor.

Put me clothes on and the doctor took me down to this great big hospital. "That's your Killy," he said. "That's all evidence of sickness there that we got to have a piece of your lung to have the real proof." You're not getting no piece of my lung. I said, "Well, sir," he said, "the people at there you got it, but we can't do nothing for you till we get the real proof." He wanted a piece. He took that, he said, "You know, Mr. Callaghan, we got to have proof before we can give you compensation." I said, "Well, you're not getting no piece of my lung." Everyone you get, do you know what they're at? They're in the graveyard. That he said, "Today we got all

new equipment and everything, the lab out." I said, "They're not made just that's going to cut me." He said, "How much would you get in a year as compensation?" The other fellow said, "We'd get between six and seven thousand dollars a year." That was more or less to try to buy you over. They were offering you that much money. I said, "No, I'm going to live on what I'm getting." He said, "Then, in such one year getting three hundred and fifty dollars on the second." He said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You go home, and if they takes the usual away from you we'll give you your compensation." That's the words he said to me, no help me God!

I know men that worked there 20 years that they never give nothing to. What's better than that, he told me that he come off work leave, and after he got his compensation, beyond they tried to take it back. The company try to take back the sick leave they were after giving him. I think Christmas they sent him out a \$30 bill. So I mean they didn't do very much for nobody. They wouldn't give you a cent. I know a man now was sent up this year. He was took up from underground, he had to get up. He tried to stay down as long as he could, but directly they come and send you got to get up. He went up to the doctor. All he got was his building pay, and go to work on the surface if he wanted to. Now, that was in the middle of the winter in February that was. Now to take a man up from somewhere it's warm, stick him out in the Eastern kind of a weather. Now he had to be sick to be doing up didn't he, so why try to put him out somewhere and force him to death in another few months?

Frank Ryan, he was sent one St. John's and he got his compensation, he got \$2,800 back time. I do know what his monthly salary was, but according to what his lamp was was, it couldn't have been more than \$50 a month. And as soon as he died they cut his wife off right in it. She never got a cent since. I don't know how that happened, because there's another woman over there, but husband died and she still gets it.

Whatever you got it, I get a call to go on to the Compensation Board. I go on up before the board too long. And all that doctor does with me the next morning, I went up and just handed off one shirt he went around me chest and back and forth over me back that was all. And two weeks after that I had my money \$6,700. And all before that they wanted to operate, operate. To do away



Southwind. Let it discover you.



Last year, Southwind rum discovered the Monde Selection competition in Brussels and came away with the silver medal. This year, Southwind's delightful blend of rare Demerara, Barbados and Demerara rums is discovering more and more Connoisseurs and winning more and more friends.

Take Southwind home. It's a discovery.

I used to cough, my Jesus I'd cough half the night. I'd have to pillow myself up for to get to breathe. Night is the worst

with you that's all they wanted to do. I'm just in sure in God in Heaven. I support there's big money for them for opportunity and they learn more about those things coming you open and just sewing you up again. The fellow was in with me that time. Paul Conelli they tried to do the same with him at this time. Well we were talking back and

both he and I refused it that time. That he was no time longer when he went in and took the operation, and it wasn't three months after that he was dead. And his own brother told me he didn't know him when they brought him home that day. He was gone so far he wasn't right out of the world.

My son, anyone's got that and he

takes the operation just like that? Jack Malins went in there and he come home they were supposed to have him cured the worst's man, he was a giant Jesus. I think you'd have to let the man in the head with a sword to kill him. He went in less than months. Not one of three lived. The only one that did live to three months was Alister Andrews. Another fellow he used to live right here, they operated on him and said to be him. "In a month now boy you'll be fishing." Jesus in a month we were burying him. I'm not feeling all that good. I'm uneasy about that frigging boat. You see I had a brother died with heart trouble. He was just like that never even got time to speak to no one. You never feels good after the heart attack you're always got pains down through your shoulder and in your back and your breast.

It's very good. I got no good hopes at all. I feel like miserable mostly, sometimes I feel to digging miserable. I'll tell you you're having a lot of colds and everything a really gets you down at night. You go out and do any little thing at all and you'll come up with the flu. And my breath is getting shorter. A lot shorter. I used to cough, my Jesus I'd cough half the night. I'd have to pillow myself up for to get to breathe. I used to choke. The night is the worst with my son. I had some bad coughs. This treatment after I had the heart attack. I'm really finding that keeping my chest and taking a lot cleaner. I'm taking 15 pills a day. One is a little nerve pill. He Wholly would tell me, "You can't keep your chest open's not, it was whatever was inside me doing it. I suppose when the lungs want to do it got to be hearing in something else. It's like a magnet, when one thing wants something else when Jesus. I was talking with the cough. I was almost ashamed to go anywhere. Cough cough, cough, I used to have so high as two and three hours steady coughing at night, I used to God. And I'd get the pillows and try to put myself up. That's what used to have me up so early every morning. I used to get up because I didn't want all the youngsters wake up.

That's the way of a boy. It gets a little worse. I got to get worse. It's not getting better. Like Hollywood said me. "You only can expect one thing, that it's not going to get no better." He told me more was holding in on me. It's building pretty good. There's only one thing you can live for — to live as long as you can. ©

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Culligan makes a great glass of water.



You're probably asking yourself, "What do they mean, make a great glass of water. Nobody makes water. Water comes straight from the tap."

True. But consider where your tap water originally comes from. And what it eventually goes through. Starting out life as rain, water collects all kinds of dust and dirt from the atmosphere. And, when it sinks into the earth, it picks up particles of rock, rust, vegetation and acid.

Then, to neutralize contaminating bacteria, your water is chlorinated.

The effect of all this (the rock, rust, vegetation, acid and chlorine) is to give your tap water kind of a funny taste and smell.

Which brings us back to why Culligan makes a

great glass of water. What we do, by filtering up a Culligan water conditioner to your pipes, is filter out the bad stuff, and leave you

with the good stuff. Water that tastes fresh and natural, as water was intended to taste.

So Culligan not only makes great water, but great everything else, too: coffee, tea, soup, orange juice — you name it.

And, because Culligan water gets rid of impurities, it also gets rid of irritated skin, hair-clean laundry, scaled pipes and the ring around the tub you hate scrubbing every day.

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Commerce Travellers' Cheques. Not only are they good for Canada, they're good for you, anywhere in Canada.



I'm a pop astrologer.

BY ALLEN SPRAGGETT

Some people collect African tribal masks, raise alligators for pets, or become chess champions of the block, well, I cast horoscopes. It's more fun and it tells you a lot more about people.

I don't profess to delve into the profundities of astrology on CFRB, but aim to inform, amuse, and if possible occasionally amaze my listeners. (Sometimes I even amaze myself by making an accurate prediction!)



But there's a more or less serious purpose behind what I do. You see, I happen to think that astrology is true.

By "true" I mean that scientific investigation provides growing support for astrology's claim that our lives are governed by cosmic cycles...that the real and often colourful differences in people's personalities are not merely accidental.

The facts?

Well, the great psychiatrist, Dr. Carl Jung, found astrology so accurate in judging people that he often had horoscopes cast for his patients. French psychologist, Michel Gauquelin, found that even people's occupations are positively related to the hour of birth.

Dr. Robert Becker, a New York biophysicist, discovered that admissions to psychiatric hospitals are correlated with both moon phases and bursts of

sunspot activity. And a three-year study by Dr. Leonard Ravitz at the University of Pennsylvania revealed that crimes of violence were significantly more frequent at the time of the full moon.

A Czech gynecologist, Dr. Eugen Jonas, uses astrology as a method of birth control since his discovery that a woman's fertility cycle coincides with the three-day period each month when the sun and moon are in the same relative positions as at the hour of her birth.

These bits of data are but a small part of the evidence for astrology which continues to come from many branches of science.

Mind you, astrology itself is not a science. Not yet. But I think it's fair to call it an ancient wisdom evolving toward a modern science.

The credo of astrology—a sublime one, really, which recognizes man's oneness with the universe—was summed up by D. H. Lawrence:

"The cosmos is a vast living body of which we are parts. The sun is a great heart whose tremors run through our smallest veins. The moon is a great nerve-centre from which we quiver forever."

Personally yours,
Allen Spraggett

CFRB 1010



HOG TOWN TUNES IN TO DOWN-HOME SOUND

David Cosmiche is the personification of Seventies Urbanity: bright, witty, medium cool, well-dressed, smart dresser. He can quote the Bible and the sports page with equal ease. Reads pool books, sees important films, hangs out with other people, witty people. But David Cosmiche has an aberration, which he promises each morning in the privacy of his bathroom.

He switches on radio station CFGM, slides his body under the water and luxuriates. He'll stay as long, if possible, listening to the "string-socks" and "harp-strummers" and "fiddlers", and the nasal, sobbing voices. For some reason the mayor, who hasn't got a new house in his body, and who hasn't kicked a horse apple in 30 years (if ever) is a Country & Western man. "I don't care what people think," he insists. "I love it."

And so, it seems, do a great many other people in Metropolitan Toronto and not exclusively those who are noted last week from the east coast, or Moose Jaw or the gravelly farms of the Ottawa Valley. While C&W may still be a bit short of de rigueur it is attracting a notable following among the apparently mobile and the easily established. Cosmiche was turned on by Stomper's Tom Cochrane — when the mayor hosted CITY-TV's City Show for a week a year or so ago, he shyly asked the producer to get Stomper's as a guest so he could meet him. But for whatever reason, a lot of Big City Folks are leaving their radio dials at 1310 and passing the time with "The poet, proph-

ets and pickers," of the station's alternative presentation. But Toronto has fought hard for its title city crown, for its Tinseltown and Noodies and Maxwell's Place, so how come this two-hour music has a following of 350,000 here in Big Apple North?

"Toronto is just part of a growing phenomenon," says CFGM producer Allan Slaight (growing is right, there were only 85 Country & Western stations in North America in 1963; there are 1,100 today). "Out of 57 stations in New York City, the C&W station ranks fifth. This music has skyrocketed in the last decade. You want to know why? It speaks to people. The music it works is the lyrics." Indeed, Country and Western does tell stories, mostly about winning and losing, living and hating.

In site sense, Country and Western is a misnomer; in the Seventies, it's neither Country nor Western. "The only guy singing about farms these days," says Slaight, "is John Denver." And according to program director Bill Anderson, the only true western record to come along in some time is a recent Ray Rogers novelty record, *Mooey, Grrrrr-Aw-Me*. (If you don't know who Happy and Gene are, ask your father.) His songs are more likely to be about living in a highway, drinking beer, feeding the kids, two-fisting the wife...and that's city stuff, as cosmopolitan as Toronto is, it is in Nashville.

Or to be precise, as common as is Richmond Hill, where CFGM is based, above Kimm's Degrassie and

being the police station. From there it beams to Orillia in the north, just Blenheim in the west. The station has a surprisingly modern office (here we go, what did I expect, Nouveau Exposé A? art taste?) all rather cleanly appointed with abstract prints on the walls and not a beehive hardly or sequer in sight.

The people there laugh when you describe your image of a C&W star as gleamed from on-the-lye vignettes of *Joe Rap*. "Okay, they do all tend to look the same," says Anderson, "but so do all musical programs. (Auden look alike, so do opera singers. C&W fans like their stars to look like that.)"

"You must remember that although most C&W fans now live in the cities, a lot of them did move in from the country within the past 20 years. There is only a small contingent of Torontonians who were actually born here."

Despite their varied origins, 72% of CFGM's listeners are in the 25-to-49 age group — the highest rating for that segment age bracket of all radio stations. They're high-income (most are unskilled), large-dumb and "average" in taste. As Slaght puts it: "Let's put say they'd put up *Scenes From A Marriage* for *Earthquake*."

With that kind of audience profile, CFGM is not a bad package to sell to advertisers. And although no one can point to the financial picture the station seems to be doing just fine. But not without problems, precisely because this is Toronto. Slaght has pondered whether or not the format should be diluted to cater to an audience of

• ah... wider ranging tastes.
"We've had many arguments recently about refusing our record," he says. "But we've decided not to. Our listeners are loyal to us because we give them what they want. And they don't want a working Dean Martin."

They also apparently don't want a lot of the Canadian songs which sprang from the 1971 CRBC ruling that all AM stations must play 30% Canadian content between 6 a.m. and midnight. Anderson concedes "The only people in C&W that the ruling helped were a bunch of fly-by-night producers who made a lot of records that were, to be kind, lousy." Which isn't to say that there aren't some genuinely fine Canadian C&W performers. But the country and western recording industry is not quite just a two-way street. Canadian still prefer imported U.S. stars — a backwoodsy Tammy Wynette, a brassy George Jones, a black Chasde Pride (the industry's first black star; this isn't the most racially progressive business in the world), or a smooth Merle Haggard who managed to net a neat \$550,000 last year — not to mention the new breed of country artists, Kasey Chaffee, Dwyer, and Linda Ronstadt.

Anderson, like the other seven DJs at CFGM, isn't a rebel fan ("Professional broadcasters can play and like any kind of music") but is quick to point out that of all the musical diques he's worked with "C&W performers are the quiet, most genuine and on-the-top of them all. They're very generous, conscious but they always have time to sign an autograph, give an interview. They like playing Toronto, we're now a big stop on the circuit. They play everywhere from Massey Hall to the Horseshoe Tavern. They work hard and they play hard."

"You know, people look down their noses at Country and Western. It's got a bad reputation. Canadian think it's for people with lower intelligence. Well, C&W folk aren't a bunch of alcoholic, pseudo-religious, red-necks driving around with George Wallace bumper stickers on their cars. The music may be conservative but the people in it tend more toward the centre. Extremism on either side doesn't sell records. Of the whole span of night-wag, week-end records to come out of the States, only Merle Hag-

gerd's *Older From Mustang* was a hit."

Merle's *Glee* was terrific. I may be a poor uneducated fellow but I knew about some things and I know what's right and wrong. The "story line" in most country songs is clichéd and fundamental. So much so that it seems to the layman it would be pretty darn easy to write a C&W tune. Surely, it's formulae par excellence. — must meet women (or vice versa), man wants girl out in railroad/factory/truck, man moves on to next town. And for Canada, you simply substitute Hamilton for Nashville, Halifax for Memphis.

Flashlight: CKFH radio recently made the format switch from rock to Country. Once, long ago, FH gave CHUM a run for the dollars with its rock policy. Then, rock stations began proliferating at a bacterial rate, and FH ended up clanking the short end of the stick. In March it decided it would rather switch than fight it any longer.

According to station manager Barry Neuber, "the logic of move in this town is to country music because CFPM doesn't smash the downtown edge after 7 p.m. [it has to cut back its power, by regulation. Country is the biggest thing in radio all over North America. Personally, I'm delighted to be back in Country, it's where I started. Of course, things have changed from those days. Who remembers Lennon and Onyiah, for instance?]

Louise and Gouge?

ROLLING YOUR OWN: IF YOU REALLY BELONG, PROVE IT



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these and other events to occur in 1976, write for a free copy of the *Bicentennial Times* for American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, 2401 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20226.

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Page 1 U.S.

Rip Van Winkle slept here.

A driving adventure through New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

Page 3 U.S.

How a roof got shingled onto a Maine fog.

A driving adventure through the New England States

Page 6 U.S.

What Paul Bunyan did for a thirsty ox.

A driving adventure through Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois

Page 8 U.S.

Remember Tugboat Annie? Louisiana does.

A driving adventure in the Deep South, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana

Page 12 U.S.

This is where Brer Rabbit Tangled with Tar-Baby.

A driving adventure through Georgia and The Carolinas.

Page 14 U.S.

They still talk of Davy Crockett hereabouts.

A driving adventure through Tennessee, Kentucky and Alabama.

Page 16 U.S.

The Cat-Witch of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

A driving adventure through Washington, D.C., Virginia and Delaware.

Page 18 U.S.

How Joe Magarac melted himself for Pennsylvania.

A driving adventure in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland.

Page 20 U.S.

Blame all the apples in Ohio on Johnny Appleseed.

A driving adventure through Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana.

Rip Van Winkle slept here.

A driving adventure through New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

Page 1 U.S.

Drive into Albany and you're in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains where die Rip slept away 20 years of his life. Nowadays these mountains are the location for some of the most beautiful and

luxurious resorts in the world. And on the smaller roads you can still feel the peacefulness that let Rip oversleep so long.

If you follow the route map shown, you'll pass the **Finger Lakes**, so named because there are five and they are spread out like a hand. Stop now and then to look at the vistas and views from the high points. Or stay a day or so to enjoy the water-skiing, swimming, sailing and golf available at the many resorts and lodges.

Further south in **Watkins Glen** on State 14, you can watch fifteen waterfalls breath-takingly illuminated at night. And if you go in June, you can admire the thunder and the glory of the U.S. Road Racing Championships.

In **Elmira** which is right on your route on States 14 and 17, there's a fine engine plant, a sculpture museum, and Mark Twain's study where he wrote most of "Tom Sawyer."

From here you head east along State 17 through **Binghamton** to **Hancock**, where you take State 97, following the Delaware River Valley

southeast through the fringes of Mr. Van Winkle's Catskills once again. You'll soon arrive in **Narrowsburg**, where the main sight is Fort Delaware, a replica of a typical stockade of the revolutionary era.

Continue on State 97 to **Port Jervis**, then follow U.S. 6 and the signs for **Bear Mountain**, where you take U.S. 9W



Yod V. And golf courses everywhere.

to **West Point**. The Military Academy at West Point sits on a cliff top overlooking a broad curve of the Hudson River.

Back on U.S. 6, continue across the bridge to the east bank of the Hudson, drive through **Peekskill**, then follow U.S. 202 through rolling hillsides, past antique shops and old houses into Connecticut.

Connecticut is the home of the Yankee Peddler—the once-upon-a-time travelling salesman who was so shrewd he could sell a wooden nutmeg for a real one. It is also the home of Mark Twain.



Waterfall at Watkins Glen.





Harriet Beecher Stowe and other notables.

While you're in **Bridgeport**, explore the P. T. Barnum Circus Museum. Then take Route 1 to **New Haven**, where you can visit the campus of Yale University and take pictures of the beautifully preserved homes from the colonial era.

Still on U.S. 1 beyond **Hamden** and **Stamford** you come to **Groton**, a village of old colonial homes. The Henry Whitfield House, the oldest stone house in the nation, is open to visitors. Another well-preserved colonial town is **Old Lyme**, now an artists' colony.

When you get to **Groton**, follow U.S. 1 and you'll come to **Mythic Seaport** which is a fully reconstructed 19th-century whaling port with square riggers to explore, cobblestone quays, sailboats and crafts shops.

You can travel straight to **Rhode Island**, the smallest state in the land on U.S. 1.

Stop at **Newport**, a wealthy resort and yachting centre, which is the scene of the "America's Cup" races. Walk along Bellevue Avenue and Cliff Walk to see some of the most palatial cottages ever built. Some of them are open to visitors, you can see what the glided life looks like on the inside as well.

From **Newport** follow Interstate 114 to **Providence**, one of America's first cities, (founded in 1639). Stroll on Benefit Street, past newly restored 18th century houses, and visit the graceful campus

of Brown University.

Interstate 195 will then take you to **Massachusetts**, the only state in the union to use "etc." in a place name. But when you've got a place called "Charagoggamauchaugogochbungungungung", it seems like a reasonable idea.

From **New Bedford** you can detour onto the **Moby Dick Trail** and link up the location straight out of the novel. And on the same route you can drop in on the fascinating Bourne whaling museum.

Now drive along Hwy. 6 to get to **Cape Cod**, that foot of land that kicks out into the Atlantic Ocean. Bordered by nearly 300 miles of beaches and filled in the centre with cranberry bogs and cottages called "salt boxes", Cape Cod is a holidayer's paradise of activities. U.S. 6 will actually take you all the way to the tip of the Cape, but when you reach **Buzzard's Bay** turn off south on State 28 and take the slow road through **Bourne** to **Falmouth**.

Falmouth is another old whaling town, and its museum has exhibits of whaling gear and ship models. Make a night detour west here to **Woods Hole**, where you can visit the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries Biological Laboratory and peer at their weird catch of specimens.

Back onto U.S. 6 now, and drive through the spectacular Cape Cod National Seashore to **Provincetown**, where you can switch to a dune buggy and ride the dunes. Provincetown,

stitched like a button onto Cape Cod's toe, is a magic melting pot of artists' colony, summer theatre, crafts shops, seafood and Portuguese restaurants.

Now take 6A to **Brewster** (stop off at the old grist mill to buy freshly ground cornmeal), and then 3A to **Plymouth**. At **Plymouth**, you can see the rock where the Pilgrim Fathers landed to set up the first permanent English settlement north of Virginia. **Plymouth Plantation** has a complete replica of the Pilgrims' settlement and a replica of the Mayflower.

Here's a tip. When you get to **Boston**, (via route 3A) park your car. Someone once said Boston's twisted streets must have been laid out by cows. And a Bostonian answered that Boston was never dead enough to be laid out. Fact or



Naugatuck Light at Eastham, Cape Cod

fiction, Boston is filled with activity and things to see. Why not follow the Freedom Trail from Boston Common to Faneuil Hall, Kings Chapel and Paul Revere's house? Take a ferry ride across the harbour where the famous tea party was held. And explore Boston's bustling haymarket. Stop for dinner at a marketplace restaurant. On most menus you'll find beef off the hoof and oysters on the half shell. Plan and delicious!

But come. Bring your family in the car. You can do all this in just two weeks. And there's a story for every mile.

How a roof got shingled onto a Maine fog.

A driving adventure through the New England States.



If you've never been to Maine, you've never seen a fog like a Maine fog. Locals boast they're thick enough to drive a nail into. Maybe so. It was that kind of fog that kept a fisherman from fishing and gave him time to stangle his roof. When the job was done, he said to his wife, "Maggie, we sure have a long house." His wife went out to look and cried, "Why, Jack, you've shingled a roof right out onto the fog!" So maybe Maine folk aren't boasting all that much.

But before we tell you of the brighter side of Maine, let's go to the start of the tour of Northern New England in **Vermont**. Your first stop is **Burlington**, Vermont's largest city and gateway to the historic and beautiful Champlain region. Route 7 south will get you to **Shelburne**, a town of Early American buildings and the Thoreau, the last sidewheeler on Lake Champlain. Continue through the green Vermont hills which make the state a

skier's paradise in winter, till you reach **Proctor**, a famous marble quarry centre where you can see over 100 kinds of marble. Next, at **Rochester**, you enter Vermont's Green Mountain National Forest with 240,000 acres of gorgeous green scenery. In July and August it's worth a short drive south-east to **Marlboro** for the Marlboro Festival which includes performances of Bach and Beethoven. And one night before you turn in, treat your family to a true New England baked dinner. To be really authentic it should be filling enough to eat without bread and should contain potatoes, beans, corned beef, squash, turnip, cabbage and a bag of Indian pudding.

Crossing into **Massachusetts** you can take Route 20 to **Starbridge**. A trip to Old Starbridge just a few miles away will let you visit a 19th century village with customised craftsmen, working mills, crafts shops and a cow inn.

In **Boston**, your next stop, many historical buildings are still standing and the streets are narrow and twisting so it's



Ashore in Portland

enjoy to do your sightseeing on foot or to take a tour bus. Make sure you cover the well-marshalled Freedom Trail from Boston Common to Faneuil Hall, King's Chapel and Paul Revere's House. There's plenty more to see too at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of Science, Hayden Planetarium, Beacon Hill and the Banker Hill Monument. Hotels are plentiful and good; so are the restaurants. To be absolutely sure of both, reserve ahead. Driving north from Boston on State 1 and 1A you'll come to **Salem** where once upon a time the famous witch trials were held. And those found guilty of witchcraft were hanged. Today, at the Witches Museum, there is a fantastic sound and light performance that tells how the witch mania started and spread. Near the Witches Museum is The House of Seven Gables made famous in Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel.

Now you go north-east to **Glooucester**, a fishing village with boats from all over tucked into its harbor. It's a great place to enjoy a New England fish dinner.

Next stop is **Rockport**, a picturesque artists' colony and yacht harbour on the top of Cape Ann.

Take scenic US 1 north to get to **Portsmouth**, New Hampshire. This old town has lots of well-preserved

Captains' homes, some with little widows' walks circling the roof tops. Visit **Strawberry Bank** in Portsmouth. It's a cleverly restored New England maritime community.

Driving north into Maine you go through **York, Ogunquit and Kennebunkport**—resort areas with their own attractions, besides swimming and golf courses. In Ogunquit there's a fine summer theatre attracting top talent and a spectacular cliff-top walk.

Kennebunkport is so picturesque with its harbour



Freedom Days, Boothbay Harbor, Maine

bridge, and craft stores mixing in with fishing gear and lobster pots that you won't be able to resist taking pictures or shopping. Even further south, you come to **Portland**, Maine, perhaps the state's most cosmopolitan city. In its day Portland has been burned to the ground and the scene of an Indian massacre. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's home still stands, and can be visited, at 487 Congress Street.

Another coastal town is **Rockland** which is where the Maine Lobster Festival is held every August. Visitors are welcome to come and eat and stay a while.

Maine fishermen, you know, consider seagulls their guardians because the gulls' screams tell them where to fish, warn of approaching storms, seabirds and hidden rocks.

Continuing north you'll arrive in **Camden**, another classic fishing harbour with wind-jammers and schooners riding at anchor. Did you know the word "schooner" comes from the Indian word "schoon" meaning to scout or rush?

From Camden you travel to **Bar Harbor**, a former millionaire's resort on Mt. Desert Island. It's the jumping off point for the U.S.'s easternmost National Park, Acadia. Here you can hike, picnic or drive to the top of Mount Cadillac, the highest point on the Atlantic coast and be the first person in the U.S. to see the sun rise.

Heading northwest through the rugged Maine countryside, stop in **Bangor** en route to see a 35-foot Paul Bunyan, that mythical lumberman of giant proportions and even larger deeds. Then west on Route 2 to Gorham, south on Route 16 to Glen and then U.S. 302 to **Acushnet Falls and Crawford Notch** and **The Flame**, a chasm formed by mountain streams at Twin Mountains.



Harbor view, Gloucester, Massachusetts

And you'll be on your way home, your head filled with the sights, stories and legends of Northern New England. But come hear them firsthand.

A Guide to the Magical Green Mountains of Vermont.



The Treasure Diggers

It all began in the early 1800's, when a local adventurer named DeGru arrived in Bristol, Vermont, armed with a pick ax and a memory of silver bars buried in the Green Mountains.

He was buried digging among the rocks at the foot of South Mountain. And only after three of his men were killed by a poisonous snake did he tell his tale.

As a child many years before, he had accompanied a small party of explorers who found and mined a rich vein of silver in the foothills. They cast the silver into heavy bars and returned to Europe, leaving most of the heavy treasure behind buried in wealth-up caves.

Now the only survivor of the group, DeGru had returned to reclaim the silver bars. But try as he might, he could not remember the location of the treasure-filled caves, and in a short time he was forgotten by Bristol.

After DeGru vanished, the digging was taken up by the people of Bristol, whose

theories and picks also came up empty. But the legend of DeGru's treasure persisted and grew as time has passed. Many have searched in vain ever-widening circles throughout the state.

So if you should ever choose to see a solitary figure searching the great Green Mountains of Vermont, you will, perhaps, understand. Because to this day, the treasure of DeGru has not been found.

Each summer, however, the treasured natural beauty and charm of Vermont's rolling green hills are discovered and enjoyed by thousands of vacationers from all over Canada. Come visit the magical land of covered bridges and country inns where yesterday and today come together so easily and so well.

Start in **Franklin County**, bordering Canada. It's a scenic vacation area that's the site of maple and dairy festivals and convenient shopping as well as camping, fishing and water-skiing.

Come next to **Burlington**, the city where art shows and films compete for your attention with sunny Lake Champlain. And don't miss the Shelburne Museum with presentations of 18th and 19th century village Americana. Summer in Stowe is as beautiful as winter. Take a Gondola ride up Mt. Mansfield. Hike, ride, swim, fish, and sail.

In **Addison County** you can visit the Woodstock Farm, the Vermont's famous Morgan Horse. You'll also enjoy a visit to local craft centers, and the campus of Middlebury College.

Lansdowne County is mountains and meadows. Shop for quality woolsens, Play areas. Visit art and crafts shows. And everyone will enjoy the long beautiful ride through Snuggles Creek (Jan. 300)

If you'd like to see how beautiful a



granite quarry can be, come to **Central Vermont**. You'll also find charming old Montpelier, the State's capital, craft fairs, covered bridges, museums and art exhibits.

Nestled among the central mountains, the Mad River Valley provides ideal



conditions for popular glider sailing. The Valley area also boasts art museums as well as fine restaurants and bookshops and fishing through mountain passes and wooded vistas.

The State Fair is in **Rutland**. Come early and stay late. You'll also enjoy the nearby scenic cabins, resorts, dining, lake fishing and aerial life rides to mountain peaks.

Among **Bennington's** historic treasures are the 305 foot battle monument (16th century), and a museum housing the oldest U.S. flag. Post Robert Frost is buried nearby.

Brattleboro, the gateway to the southeast, has an infectious appeal with auctions, church supports, theatre, concerts and festivals. World-famed Marlboro Maine Festival and the state's largest covered bridge are nearby.

For the nature lovers and outdoorsmen, the **Northeast Kingdom** is indeed a kingdom. Wilderness areas adjacent to Lake Umbagog offer fishing, camping, hiking and winter sports. Just an easy drive are the country bars, museums, auctions and quiet white-washed villages.

Please send me a Vermont road map, and a complete Vermont vacation kit. Write: State of Vermont, VT2, Montpelier Vermont 05602 U.S.A.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Prov _____ Code _____

Visit a Storybook. Vermont.

First of all, the ox was blue, which most oxen aren't. Second, it's name was Babe, which isn't surprising at all. Third, it

was a big ox. Very big. Big enough to haul the mighty woodsmen, Paul Bunyan, and his logs—and remember, Paul used average full-grown trees as toothpicks. They say that one day Babe got thirsty, or, shall we say, thirstier than usual. Paul dug a hole to find some water, and Babe ended up and drank it. That by itself wouldn't make much of a story, except that over the years the hole filled with water again, and today we call it Lake Michigan.

By the time you complete our tour, you'll have seen a lot of Paul and Babe's lake. You start right on it, in the port of Muskegon, Michigan. Muskegon used to be a lumber town—"Sawdust City"—but it burned down in 1880 and the dust turned into loam. Today it has risen again as the center of a dairy, fruit-growing, and resort region.

Drive north from Muskegon through the Ludington area with its magnificent sand dunes to **Manistee**, on U.S. 31. Here you'll find an opera house going all the way back to the boom days. There's also a historical society located in an old waterworks. And breeding stables for fine Arabian horses.

North of Manistee, leave U.S. 31 and take the pretty State 22 to the D. H. Day State Park. State 109 will take you to **Gen. Haven** where you can go riding dune buggies along, through, up and down 600-foot high Sleeping Bear Dunes.

Now return on State 109 to the junction with State 72, then drive east to **Traverse City**. This is cherry-orchard country, and beautiful Try to catch one of the two fruit festivals—The Blessing of the Blossoms in May, or the National Cherry Festival in July.

Leave Traverse City by U.S. 31 and drive north.

same jaw-breaking name, it's a reconstructed stockade and blockhouse, with dioramas to tell you its old and fascinating story.

Now take Interstate 75 across the graceful 5-mile Mackinac Bridge, one of the longest suspension bridges in the world. Now you're in the northern peninsula of Michigan, a totally separate, wild and beautiful portion of the state.

Another ferry ride will take you to **Mackinac Island**, and you'll love the quiet. No cars: you travel around the resort island by foot, bike, or horse-drawn carriage.

The Indians considered this island sacred; it was here, or near

here, that a mythical Chippewa first brought his tribe their food staple, corn.

Interstate 75 now takes you to the Soo, as it is so well known on both sides of the border. Officially, the map says **Sault Ste. Marie**. Anyway, a boat will take you through its huge canal locks, or you can watch them from the Soo Tour Train.



Highways 28 & 123 lead you westward to **Tahquamenon Falls**, where two sets of falls plunge through virgin forest. Boat trips to the falls are available on the Dark River of Longfellow's "Hiawatha".

Driving back along Lake Michigan (the routes are 117, 2, and 36), you'll soon enter Wisconsin, an old Winnebago Indian word whose meaning is disputed. It unquestionably has something to do with water, of which Wisconsin has plenty. Some say it's "rushing channel," others "where the waters meet."

Green Bay is a good first stop in Wisconsin, along U.S. 41. It's both the oldest community in Wisconsin and the smallest "big-league" city in North America. Small, yes, but fervent. The strong spirit typified by celebrated coach Vince Lombardi still thrives in Green Bay; if you'd like to start a good friendly discussion, bring up football in any Green Bay tavern.

Before you leave Green Bay, visit the National Railroad Museum and its locomotives of another era. Then drive southwest on 41, leaving

cherry country and entering the dairy district around Lake Winnebago via **Oshkosh** and **Fond du Lac**, then by State 23, State 82, and State 13 to **Wisconsin Dells**. This is the name of both a village and a dramatic 15-mile stretch of the Wisconsin River. You can explore the cliffs and gorges by boat or plane. Or take a 20-minute ride on the Riverbabe and Great Northern Scenic Railway.

Now take U.S. 12 to **Baraboo**. Another museum located here will keep the children happy for hours. It's Circus World, presenting the complete history of the Big Top. U.S. 12 now heads for **Madison**, the state capital and home of the state university. You get a dramatic view of three lakes from the dome of the State Capitol, a beautiful white granite building in a 14-acre wooded park.

You now have a choice of routes to travel on to Chicago.



Michigan's upper peninsula

Interstate 94 goes via **Milwaukee**, Wisconsin's largest city and America's brewing capital. At the various breweries, tours are free and so is the beer. Milwaukee's County Zoo is one of the nation's best, and if you visit Milwaukee in

summer, catch an outdoor concert in Washington Park.

If you'd rather stay out in the country, U.S. 12 proceeds through **Lake Geneva**. It's a popular resort area, lined with summer houses, estates, hotels and beaches and it houses an active stern-wheeler which you can ride any day, the "Lady of the Lake".

Whether you get there by way of Milwaukee or Lake Geneva, save plenty of time for **Chicago**. Park your car and take a bus tour. The Museum of Science and Industry has countless displays to fascinate children and their parents. They'll also enjoy the Lincoln Park Zoo, and the Field Museum of Natural History, with over 300,000 exhibits. In the Shedd Aquarium, you'll find everything short of the Loch Ness monster, and if they could find him, they'd probably have that.

From Chicago, you whiz south and east through a corner of Indiana. Stop in at Indiana Dunes State Park, site of some of the loveliest sand dunes in the world. You can swim, hike, and picnic on and around them.

From the dunes, you rejoin Interstate 94 and drive north to **Holland**. No, you're not lost. You did cross a state line (back to Michigan), but you might have entered a new country. Holland is surrounded by tulip fields (the Tulip Festival is in mid-May), a working windmill, and plenty of recreational facilities for a general good time.

And next thing you know, U.S. 31 has brought you back to Muskegon. You've been all around Paul Bunyan's lake, and seen several pages from a story book.



overseas of trees draped with Spanish Moss.

After you've crossed the causeway to the resort, **Dauphin Island**, and spent a while on a beautiful beach, return to the mainland and continue to **Bayou La Batre**. If you're there the last Sunday in July, you can see the Blessing of the Fleet and shrimp boats dressed in more flags than a Christmas tree has tinsel. Afterwards there's a huge public picnic with shrimp, crab, blunder and watermelon.

On to U.S. 90 to take you across the Mississippi state line to **Pascagoula**. Here modern motoric submarine yards contrast with the Old Spanish Port made out of crushed

oyster shells and limestone in 1871. Using fish shells to make things was a common habit, and folks used to shell mussels to make buttons.

U.S. 90 now becomes Beach Boulevard as you spin on your way to **Biloxi**, the resort town, with 27 miles of beaches, 8 golf courses and a Marineland.

Beach Boulevard goes back to being just plain U.S. 90 as it runs through **Mississippi City**, a resort famed as the site of the world's first heavyweight boxing championship when John L. Sullivan bested

Paddy Ryan in 1882. (Bare knuckles!) There are good restaurants today, plus entertainment and an amusement park. **Gulfport** is a resort and banana port, with gulf-side trails

trails. The **Pass Christian** yacht club is one of the oldest in the country. And **Bay St. Louis** is a resort with more deep-sea fishing and a popular sky-diving club.

Now continue west on U.S. 90 and cross over the bridge into Louisiana. In this historic state, legend tells us you'll hear old plantation ghost bells and every country road is haunted by someone or something.

First stop in Louisiana is **New Orleans**, a vacation in itself. This is the home of Dixieland jazz, the Mardi Gras carnival, superb restaurants and old decorative wrought-iron work on the buildings in the French Quarter or the Vieux Carré.

If you like jazz go to Preservation Hall or the New Orleans Jazz Museum in the French Quarter. Pete Fountain has a place, and so does Al Hirt. And if you like to eat, there are dozens of great places, some with legends of their own. Enjoy Oysters Rockefeller—fingers-keepers on pearls.

You can take a ride through America's busiest harbor, see the big new Louisiana Superdome, eat the French doughnuts called "beignets", or take a riverboat cruise.

West from New Orleans you go into **Acadiana**, named for Acadia, now Nova Scotia. The people here live along the bayous, in the fishing villages and on the shrimp boats. You can eat the biggest, freshest, most delicious shrimp here. Look for the houses built on stilts along the bayous and take in the strangely contrasting elegance of Spanish Moss dripping the trees.

Continuing on U.S. 90, the next stop is **Houma**, on the **Bayou Terrebonne**, a town of shrimpers and marlinet trippers which is surrounded by sugar cane fields. Houma, like

every town along the Coast, has its Mardi Gras celebration—plus a Fishing Rodeo in June and a Tarpon Rodeo in July.

Morgan City, further west along your route, is another base for a huge Shrimp Fleet and they have a festival Labor Day weekend. When you get to **New Iberia** visit one of the most beautiful old plantation houses in the Deep South. Located on the Bayou Teche, it is called *Shades-on-the-Teche* and is open to visitors.

A little side trip from here or State 359 to **Avery Island** and you can visit *Jungle Gardens*—300 acres of tropical plants and reptiles, herons and cranes. Actually the Gardens is on a salt dome covering a rock salt mine.

Back to State 10 and **Iberville** and **St. Martinville** where the *Evangeline* Gabriel romance described by Longfellow took place. You can even see the tree where the lovers were reunited.

Continue on State 31 to **Breaux Bridge**. Then west on State 94 to U.S. 90 again, through **Lafayette** (a distinctly Cajun town, home of the University of Southwestern Louisiana and the *Evangeline* Downs thoroughbred and quarterhorse race track) to **Lake Charles**.

Lake Charles is both a lake and a town—a timber, oil, rubber, cattle, and rice town. There's fishing, hunting, swimming, boating, and water-skiing on nearby lakes. The water sports carnival known as *Continental Days* takes place in late May and early June.

Go north from here through some more fascinating country, then through the *Kiantheche National Forest* to **Natchitoches**. It's the oldest settlement in the Louisiana Purchase Territory and has interesting old houses and plantations. Take U.S. 84 east across the Mississippi to **Natchez**. Founded by the French, surrendered to the British and captured by the Spanish, *Natchez* is noted mostly for its gracious homes, beautiful oak trees, and flower-



Roseate Spoonbills, near Mobile, Alabama

covered bluffs. U.S. 61 north will take you to **Vicksburg**, where the Mississippi meets the Yazoo River. Vicksburg is a typically southern town and was called the *Gibraltar of the Confederacy* because in 1863 it held siege for 47 days.

Several interesting museums bring together artifacts and recreations of the rich spectacle of local history.

Now it's time to leave the Spanish Moss, the South, the rivers, the bayous and the ghosts to join U.S. 80 to Jackson, then U.S. 33 north and you're on your way back home.



Her real name was Anne Christmas. She was six feet eight inches tall and weighed 250 pounds.

And she had a blonde, curled moustache. Once in a fit of surprise she tossed a barge all the way from **New Orleans** to **Natchez**—a couple hundred miles up stream! She was a bully and could beat up any other on the river. Folks say she was buried at sea just the way she wanted. But though they say she left no veil, she still haunts memories and stories throughout the entire state of Louisiana.

Our storybook tour starts in **Mobile**, Alabama, a go-ahead city in the Deep South. Named for an Indian tribe who lived there before the French came, Mobile still boasts the big mansions from the days when cotton was king.

Going south along State 163 you'll pass the oyster torgers and eating regattas on **Mobile Bay** and come to a great sight of the Deep South—**Bellingham Gardens** & Home. This is an elegant mansion filled with art, with a 795-acre garden featuring azaleas, camellias, magnolias and

This is where Brer Rabbit tangled with Tar-Baby.

A driving adventure through Georgia and The Carolinas.



A long time ago in Georgia, the way Uncle Remus told it, Ole Brer Fox fed up a contraption called Tar-Baby from tar and turpentine to put down an uppity Brer Rabbit. Sure enough, Brer Rabbit got so mad at Tar-Baby for not answering his questions, he pussed him and got stuck to the tar tail, hands, feet and head. Then out scuttled Brer Fox and said Howdise Brer Rabbit, you look pretty stuck up this morning. And he laughed and laughed till he could laugh no more.

The Tar-Baby story got to be such a popular warning to keep your hands off that folks in North Carolina used to paint Tar-Babes on their front doors to keep thieves out. And that's where our trip begins—in **Durham**, N.C., home of Duke University and a city where you can see tobacco factories during the fall months and tour cigarette factories any time of the year. After taking Interstate 85 west to **Greensboro** and **Winston-**

Salem (or detour south on hour to **Pinehurst**, a golfer's paradise) you head west on U.S. 421 into the Blue Ridge Mountain area of North Carolina. Drive through **Yadkinville** and **Wilkesboro** to **Boone**. Boone is where the frontman of the same name once lived in a log cabin and the Durrell Boone Theatre just off the highway puts on an outdoor drama in the summer about his life.

U.S. 321 south takes you to **Blowing Rock**. Toss a leaf in the Jocas River Gorge and the wind will blow it back to you. Now take the Blue Ridge Parkway to **Linville**. If you bear walls of boulders, it's the annual Grandfather Mountain Highland Games and Gathering of the Scottish Clans held every July. You can also see **Conover's Rock Table**, a foot-bridge leading 228 feet to the top of Grandfather Mountain and the Linville Falls Recreation Area with trails and a chasm that is 1,000 feet deep. In **Asheville**, further south, is **Biltmore House**, the home of the late George W. Vanderbilt with a room for every day in the year. West on U.S. 19 will bring you to the **Cherokee Indian Reservation** with 4,000 Cherokee, a Museum and stores selling headresses and native Cherokee crafts. During

summer, outdoor performances of "Unto These Hills", a drama about the Cherokee, are held.

Turning south, you'll reach **Seneca**. A bit further on, the red soil along the roadies will tell you that you're in **Georgia**.



Archaean home, Charleston, S.C.

Interstate 85 will take you to **Atlanta**. You remember Atlanta from the book about the Civil War, "Gone with the Wind". Today, Atlanta is a booming city with a brand new cultural centre, a modern civic centre and a new stadium where Hank Aaron broke Babe Ruth's home-run record. It is also famous as the home of Coca-Cola. And if you like, visit Underground Atlanta; it swings with today's restaurants, boutiques, and pubs.

Past Atlanta on U.S. 78 east is Stone Mountain Park. The north side of the mountain is spectacularly carved with the figures of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Southern Confederacy President Jefferson Davis all shown on horseback. In this park you can also enjoy a scenic railroad, carnival concerts and riverboat rides.

Keep going east on U.S. 78 through **Athens**, then south to **Washington** which is famous for its antebellum homes and

to **Augusta**, famous for the annual Masters Golf Tournament in the spring.

Now you go south on U.S. 25 and U.S. 80 to **Savannah**, the birthplace of the colony of Georgia. This was an early centre for slave ships—a gambling, roistering town which today tells its story in its cobblestone streets, squares and historic mansions.

Cross the Toll Bridge over the Savannah River and drive along U.S. 17A and U.S. 17 through South Carolina's famous low country. (You can take U.S. 278 as a side trip, to the Jack Nicklaus/Pete Dye designed golf course at Hilton Head.)

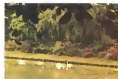
When you arrive in Charleston, you'll drive into a



Pap's home: The Oliphanth Swamp

truly classic southern town, with its wrought iron gateways and winding streets. In Charleston, if you hear a woman calling "Monkey Meat", don't expect to get what's advertised. Because "Monkey Meat" is really a delicious candy stuffed with coconut. Before you go on, see the thousand-year-old oak in Middleton Place Gardens and Plantation Stable Yard, the Confederate Museum and The Old Slave Market.

Traveling north on U.S. 17 you'll be near the coast and beaches. Myrtle Beach is the hub of the Grand Strand, a 50-mile long stretch of beaches.



Swans and Spanish moss

The town has a boardwalk and plenty of fun, especially at the Sun-Fun Festival in early June.

At **Wilmington**, you're back again in North Carolina. From here you go northeast on 17 and 64 to **Roanoke Island** and **Manteo**, the site of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony. In summer, an outdoor drama tells the settlers' story. Now for miles ahead there's the coast and islands known as the Outer Banks. Your route will be dotted with picturesque villages, interesting people and unusual ways of speaking. If you take State 18 south to **Cape Hatteras** you'll see where "mooncussers" lured ships ashore with fake lights and then stole their cargoes. Their job was made easier by the tricky off-shore currents that have sunk many ships over the decades and earned the waters off Cape Hatteras the title "Graveyard of the Atlantic". U.S. 158 will take you back to the mainland and U.S. 17 which faces you homebound.

But come. Hear the stories for yourself. See where ghosts roamed and the legends lived. Pick your family into the car and visit a living storybook this summer.



They still talk of Davy Crockett hereabouts.

A driving adventure through Tennessee, Kentucky and Alabama

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Page 15 U.S.

Rumor has it—and you know how they spread—that Davy Crockett killed his first bear at the age of three. It was probably Davy Crockett, himself, who started that particular rumor.

It's true that he served three terms in Congress and was a woodsman, crack marksman, sharpshooter and political campaigner. But in Kentucky and Tennessee, the tall tale is a respected art form, and Davy was a true son of Tennessee. Whatever the truth of Davy's bear, the story was good enough—and tall enough—to keep.

Our tour of Tall Tale country starts in **Louisville**, Kentucky. You'll love this area if you love horses or racing. On the first Saturday of May every year, the Kentucky Derby is run in Louisville, attracting people from all over the world. And the Churchill Downs Racing Museum stays open all year. There are also tours through bourbon whiskey distilleries and rides on the stern-wheeler "Belle of Louisville".

Now go through the beautiful Blue Grass country where Thoroughbreds and Standardbreds romp. Turn off Interstate 64 to U.S. 460 to **Paris** and visit Duncan Tavern where Daniel Boone and his pole hung out. Don't precede Davy Crockett, and made up some of his own woody Tall Tales before Davy got a chance.

Now **Lexington** on U.S. 27 you'll run across the most famous stud farms—Calumet, Spendthrift, Man O'War.



Many are open to visitors. There is also thoroughbred racing in the spring and fall, yearling auctions in July and September and the American Saddle Museum to see.

Cross Clays Ferry Bridge and head south for **Richmond** and **Berea**. Most of the students at Berea College are from the mountains and work their way through school selling handicrafts at the Log House soleismoon on the campus. In April there's a weekend of fiddling and dancing at the college.

Stay on the same highway, to get to **Reelfoot Valley**, a log cabin town with barn dances and Sunday morning gatherings.

Then, take highway U.S. 25E across the Tennessee border to join up with State 33 and follow the signs to **Knoxville**. This is the home of the University of Tennessee and the Dogwood Art Festival in April. 20 miles west on State 62, you can visit Oak Ridge Museum and see some fascinating exhibits on the peaceful use of atomic energy. Then southeast from here is the resort town, **Gatlinburg**, doorway to the Great Smoky National Park, a name suggested, no doubt by the bluish haze that hangs over the mountains. In the folk song, "On Top of Old Smoky", a feller lost his true love here, for courtin' too slow. At 6,642 feet up on Cingman's Dome, there's an observation tower you can visit that reaches



above the haze. And at **Cades Cove** there's a restored pioneer complex with fields, home-

strada, frame church and great rail Pick up U.S. 64 at Maryville to get to **Chattanooga**, a city surrounded by mountains and famous for the song "Chattanooga Choo Choo." Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga is famous for the Civil War Battle remembered as the "Battle Above the Clouds." Ruby Falls, Rock City, and the Incline

Carramus through stunning mountain scenery which will take you to Russell Cave National Monument. Here traces of inhabitants from 7,000 B.C. have been found by scientists. Return to U.S. 72 and drive to **Huntsville**. There's a modern part of the storybook here—the George C. Marshall Space Orientation Center, part of the NASA program, open to visitors.

Following U.S. 72A, you reach **Decatur** and **Tusculum**, where you can visit the

birthplace of Helen Keller and see "The Miracle Worker", a play based on her life.

Now travel back into Tennessee on U.S. 43 north, past the Davy Crockett State Park to **Nashville** and the home of country music. The city was founded on Christmas Day, 1779, and proudly houses a full scale replica of Athens' Parthenon. You can also visit the Country Music Hall of Fame, the Grand Ole Opry Radio Show and Opryland, U.S.A., an am-

usement park devoted to music. Drive north from Nashville on I-65 and cross into Kentucky



Kentucky throughbred.

again. This is where Casey Jones made his train "Cannon Ball", a part of one of America's favorite folk songs, the well-known "Cannon Ball Express".

Three miles below the little town of **Hodenville**, you'll find the Abraham Lincoln Birthplace National Historic Site, which includes a diorama describing the young Lincoln's travels through these parts.

U.S. I-65 leads to **Elizabethtown**, location of a large and notable old community house. It was built as a stagecoach inn, then later was the home of General George Armstrong

Custer, who became famous the hard way at the Sioux Indian battle of Little Big Horn.

From Elizabethtown, U.S. 63 east will bring you to **Bardonia** and Federal Hill, a 1786 manor where Stephen Foster once stayed, and which inspired him to write "My Old Kentucky Home" (The song is the virtual anthem of the state, and opens the Kentucky Derby every year.) "The Stephen Foster Story" is performed on summer evenings in the amphitheatre next to Federal Hill.

Other Bardonia attractions include the Museum of Whiskey History, and a series of paintings at St. Joseph's Cathedral, which were donated by Louis Philippe of France who worshipped there when he was in exile.

Now, as you're driving along U.S. 31 W and U.S. 60, you may glimpse a rather amazing sight—the end of the rainbow. Because right about there, you'll be passing by the biggest pot of gold in America. It's called Fort Knox, and it's the place where U.S. gold reserves are stored—22 billion dollars worth. You'll probably feel a lot wealthier just driving by it all.



The Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama

Another 27 miles of beautiful Kentucky countryside and you've reached the end of this storybook tour back again in Louisville.

let the wind in and the cat out. Folks around swear that Pol and her black, sleek green-eyed cat were one and the same. And if either crossed their paths, they'd snatch off their hats, spit in 'em, and clap 'em back on to break the spell. One day Tillie Becek made Pol mad. Tillie had a feeling she was going to pay for it. The very next morning, there was black cat scratching the life out of her prize pig. No amount of scratching scared it. So she hit it smack between the eyes with a stone. Blood gushed out and the cat howled like a human. For days no one saw Ol Pol or her cat. Then one day Tillie saw Pol trying to avoid her, and sure enough, there was a gash in her forehead just like the cat's.



West front of the U.S. Capitol.

But let's go to the beginning of our story tour which starts in former Maryland territory, long ago ceded to the Federal Government as part of the title of Washington, D.C. Most of the major buildings have a Greek-style architecture which gives the centre of Washington an elegant, stately look. Be sure not to miss the Capitol,

the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, the Jefferson Memorial and the Mall. For 10 cents you can ride to the top of the Washington Monument and see how beautifully laid out the city is with its parks and white buildings. (The ride now takes one easy minute, 85 years ago it was a rattly twelve minutes.) Visit at least some of the 10 buildings of the Smithsonian Institution, called "The Nation's Attic", and the National Gallery with its collection of Titians, Raphaels

and Vermeers. Try also to fit in at least one performance at the new John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and a boat trip down the Potomac. And at night you can enjoy the gaiety of night life in neighbouring Georgetown.

Take U.S. 50 out of Washington to the Virginia hunt country. The state that was named by Queen Elizabeth I of England for herself, the Virgin Queen, Virginia is the real South, the hospitable South, where there is always room for one more in the smallest house or the poorest table.

Drive to **Front Royal** and the Blue Ridge Mountains and ride south along the crest of the mountains on the Skyline Drive. A quarter of the way along take a side trip to the **Luray Caverns**. Here in a spooky, dark caves a guide



will show you rock formations tuned to musical pitches—and play you a song. Some 20 miles east of the Drive, on I-64 at **Charlottesville**, you can visit Jefferson's home, "Monticello" and the University of Virginia which he designed.

Then follow I-66 west to **Staunton**, the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson. An indirect route (Rt. 340) to the Luray Caverns from **Front Royal** is shown on the map. This route takes you to **Waynesboro** where you can pick up Rt. 250 to **Staunton**. Go south to **Lexington**. Here you can see the George C. Marshall Memorial Research Library with an electronic map narrating events of World War II. Further south is the Natural Bridge, a 90-foot

where General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to General Ulysses Grant and ended the U.S. Civil War.

Further east, in **Richmond** go see the State Capitol, designed by Thomas Jefferson, and St. John's Church where Patrick Henry gave his "Give me liberty or give me death" speech. The Confederate Museum here can fill you in on the background of the Civil War, there is also the Edgar Allan Poe Museum, dedicated to the American writer of Gothic Horror Tales.

South on U.S. 60 you'll travel through the most richly historic area in the United States. **Colonial Williamsburg** is a remarkably authentic restoration of an 18th century city.



Williamsburg, Virginia. The Colonial Capitol

Thrust of limestone across a 215-foot deep gorge. Thomas Jefferson bought it for 20 shil-

There is the Governor's Mansion with costumed hostesses and inverted attendants, a court house, and 85 old homes. Done in one of the old taverns on Southern dishes like peanut soup, Virginia Baked Ham and pecan pie.

A short detour takes you to **Jamestown**, the first permanent English settlement in the

New World in 1607, only eight miles away. See the reconstructed Old James Fort and replicas of the boats which carried the colonizers over 13 years before the Mayflower at Jamestown Festival Park.

Now head toward the sea on U.S. 17. At **Newport News**, you can visit a fascinating Mariners' Museum (models, prints, paintings, and figureheads), then I-64 will lead you to **Norfolk** and the 100-acre floral wonderland, "Gardens by the Sea". Route 60 will also take you from **Richmond** to **Norfolk** as shown on the map.

Follow U.S. 58 to **Virginia Beach** and 30 miles of Atlantic shoreline, two miles of boardwalk and eight miles of public beach. Then turn north to pass Cape Henry Lighthouse, the oldest in the U.S., to the



Virginia Beach

Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel. Considered an engineering feat it goes over and under the bay for 17 miles and surfaces on Virginia's eastern shore, heading north.

From the Tunnel follow Rt. 13 to **Salisbury**, then on to the Naval Academy at **Annapolis** via Rt. 50. But come. See the sights and hear the stories for yourself.

How Joe Magarac melted himself for Pennsylvania.

A driving adventure in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland.

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Joe was born inside an ore mountain. He grew to be 7-8 feet tall and was built of solid steel. He could stir cooking steel with his bare hands, squeeze out eight railroad rails at once from between his fingers, roar to a hand. One day, Joe heard that they needed the finest steel to build a new mill. So he sat in a ladle



with boiling steel and melted himself to help them out. He was made of finer steel than ore from the mountains, he said. And he was too.

Well if you think Joe was extraordinary, wait until you see his Pennsylvania. It's as good as a dog's breakfast and full of surprises. Let's start with the Poconos. Mt. Pocono is the 2,331-foot peak of Big Pocono State Park which is full of hash resorts with facilities for every participant sport imaginable—plus auto racing in summer.

We'll come back to Pennsylvania a little later, but first follow our tour south to State 32 along the Delaware River to Trenton, New Jersey. Near here is Washington Crossing State Park, where the General surprised the British Forces on Christmas Day, 1776. You

can take I-95 and the Garden State Parkway right to Atlantic City, where you'll find a five-mile long boardwalk, rolling wicker chairs, concert halls, ballrooms, and the Miss America Pageant in September. Plus all the famous streets of the "Monopoly" game.

Continuing south on State 563, it might be fun to dawdle down through several more seaside resorts. Round the shores there is the ghost of a headless man, headed by Captain Kidd for attempting to steal the common treasure. And guarding treasure hidden in the sands is a crew of ghostly sailors.

When you reach Cape May you'll find yourself in a resort that was very fashionable in the 19th century.

Nowadays, many of its fine mansions have been restored and it is one of New Jersey's most restored resorts. And here you can catch the ferry across the bay to Delaware.

South from Lewes, an old Dutch-settled town, you'll come to Rehoboth Beach, the oldest and most popular resort in Delaware.

As soon as you cross into Maryland, head westward across the peninsula to Cambridge, an old port, a few miles from the Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge and the nation's largest collection of water fowl. Make sure

you have a couple of good meals in this area, the oysters, clams, and crabs are superb.

Follow U.S. 50 across the Chesapeake Bay Bridge to Annapolis. Noted for its distinctive Georgian architecture, it was the first peace treaty capital of the United States. Now it is the home of the U.S. Naval Academy, where the midshipmen parade Wednesday in spring and fall.

Skirting the coast on I-95, head for Wilmington. You can visit the beginnings of the nation's chemical industry at the Hagley Museum and see the original powder mill built in 1800 by Eleuthere Ives du Pont. At the Winterthur Gardens, explore 60 beautiful acres filled with almost every flowering plant that grows in Delaware.

From Wilmington, continue on I-95, and you're back in Pennsylvania. Drive to the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, one home of Ben Franklin. A

mask is Independent Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776 and where the first U.S. constitution was drafted. The Liberty Bell is on display here, it rang for the first time upon the signing of the Declaration with such power that it cracked itself. You'll still find the colonial atmosphere here in Society Hall and Elfreth's Alley, but go see the modern Franklin Institute and walk through the giant model of a

human heart. When you've seen all you can, head west on U.S. 30 to Pennsylvania Dutch Country. Settled at the turn of the century by Amish, Mennonites, Dutch and Swiss, it is now pastoral farm country where people still drive horse and buggy, wear plain old fashioned clothes, and



Maryland Sunset

share all modern conveniences. It was Mennonite monks who first treated a potato, today you can see how they're made at the Pretzel Museum in Lancaster. If you want something sweeter, roundabouts here you can also buy homemade delicacies like shoofly pie or sample the traditional seven sweets and seven sours of the Pennsylvania Dutch table.

From Lancaster you can tour local towns like Ephrata, Hopewell, Bird-in-Hand and Intercourse, with colorful names and see signs on the bars to protect the animals against witchcraft. And in nearby Hershey you can tour the chocolate factory that makes the delicious Hershey Chocolate bars.

Now cross the Susquehanna River and drive south on I-83 to York where you'll find the Currier and Ives Gallery and the Weightlifters' Hall of Fame. Then west to Gettysburg where Abraham Lincoln gave his "Government of the

people, for the people" speech. The famous Civil War battle fought here is commemorated in a park of 36,000 acres where you can follow it day by day, battle by battle. There is also a cyclorama, an electric map and a wax museum.

Moving on again on U.S. 30 to McConnellsburg into the Juniata Mountains, and Bedford where you turn north onto State 56 to Johnstown. Here you can take a ride on an inclined plane railway up a 71% grade to a plateau 867 feet above the valley.

At Ligonier, and the freestayland two miles beyond the town, return to U.S. 30 and head west to Pittsburgh. If you're there in early June, you can enjoy the varied events of the Three Rivers Arts Festival.

Permanent Pittsburgh points of interest include the Henry Clay Frick Fine Arts Building, the Carnegie Institute Museum of Art, the Phipps Conservatory, Heinz Hall, home of the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Stephen Foster



The Golden Triangle, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Memorial and the Civic Arena with the world's largest retractable dome.

A few more stops in Pennsylvania where there's something for everyone from heroes to heroes and you're back in the Poconos where our story began and ends.



Blame all the apples in Ohio on Johnny Appleseed.

A driving adventure through Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana.

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Page 21 U.S.



If you should happen to notice there are an awful lot of apples in Ohio and a generous number of apple orchards, too, you can be in the juicy situation at the foot of Johnny Appleseed. His real name was John Chapman and as a young man he started wandering around the countryside scattering appleseeds and planting orchards everywhere. He did this for 40 years, living only in a rough lea-to and wearing a coffee sack for a shirt and an upside down wash kettle hat. He went barefoot until his feet were so tough he could walk on ice. And his adventures with forest fires, riding the rapids and even sleeping with a bear for warmth, made him a legend. In Ohio today, the last week in September is named Johnny Appleseed week.

Our story begins in Cincinnati, Ohio. Winston Churchill called it the most beautiful inland city in the United States. Take a look at it all at once from the observation deck on the 48-story

Carey Tower. Near the river, in Eden Park, go see the Cincinnati Art Museum and the local zoo where all the animals are kept in their natural habitat. At the Public Landing on the river, you'll find stern wheelers, traps are available and a steamer, Delta Queen, that makes 3-to-30 day cruises from Cincinnati on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to the tune of some great Dixieland jazz. Now drive west on U.S. 50

through Hoosier National Forest to Logansport, then south on U.S. 231 to just beyond Dale to Lincoln State Park. There you'll find the log cabin where Abe Lincoln grew up. Abe, you know, was a Hoosier. Everybody from Indiana is Nobody knows where the name came from, but some guess that it was the local response to a knock at the door: "Who's your?"

Fifteen miles east of Dale is the village of Santa Claus. The name was chosen because of its amusement park where there is a resident Santa Claus. Processing over 15 million letters to him annually is the town's largest industry. Going south on U.S. 231 you'll drive into Kentucky.

A few miles into the State, turn onto State 54 south and you'll see an extraordinary sight. Mammoth Cave National Park. Above ground there is a beautiful hardwood forest for camping, picnicking and hiking. Below ground, there are 150 miles of caverns. You can tour four miles of them and look in awe at eerie stalactite formations like Frozen Niagara.

You can also have lunch underground in the Snowball Room or maybe catch sight of the cave's eyesless fish. North from

there, U.S. 31E will take you to Bardstown and Federal Hill, the original Old Kentucky Home immortalized in song by Stephen Foster. Now follow the route shown on the map from Bardstown through the Blue Grass Country to Middlesboro. There take the Skyland Highway to the top of Panicle Mountain to see the famous Cumberland Gap, an early gateway to the American West and site of the Civil War battle. Turn onto U.S. 58 at the town of Clinchport and drive to Clinchport where the 1,540-foot National Tunnel goes right



Some of Johnny's legacy

through Powell's Mountain into Virginia tobacco country. Follow U.S. 19 through the mountains and the Jefferson National Forest to West Virginia. This is such hilly country, natives say they plant their corn fields by standing on one hillside and shooting seeds from a shotgun into the opposite hillside. That's what they say.

Near Bluefield, you can have a look at America's reborn coal industry. There's an exhibition mine at Pocahontas. Further northeast, on U.S. 60, you'll find White Sulphur Springs, home of America's first golf course and today's grand resort, the Greenbrier. (Sam Snead's the pro.)

Stay on scenic route 60 through the V-shaped hills and valleys to Charleston. Farm-

ers claim their cattle have to be a special breed with shorter legs on one side to make hill-side grazing easier.

In Charleston, the capital of West Virginia, you can attend sternwheel races in September, and when you get back on land, go to the Rhododendron Arts & Crafts Festival in June.

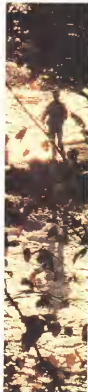
Continue on U.S. 60 to Huntington, on a loop of the Ohio, another city with a superb riverside location. The main attraction for visitors is glass-blowing. There are several factories producing decorative glass, and they all offer

demonstrations by puff-cheeked craftsmen, some using early American techniques of glass-blowing. Huntington Galleries is a museum and craft centre.

Now you recross the Ohio for the last time on this tour, join U.S. 33 and drive west along the looping river. This is one of the world's most beautiful river drives.

You pass through Ironton (terminus for the famous old-time pug-nose carrier, the Iron Railroad), Wayne National Forest, Greenup Locks and Dam Project (observation towers to watch barges being locked through), Portsmouth, where the real Eliza from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" escaped, and proceed to the Shawnee State Forest. Here you'll find a good variety of things to do: hill-climbing, camping or swimming, fishing, and boating in several pretty lakes.

Then on through Point Pleasant, where you can still visit the house where Civil War General U.S. Grant was born (April 27, 1822), and soon you'll be back in Cincinnati, where our storybook tour began.



NO MORE SLUMMING AT THE HORSESHOE

The new clientele's no slummers, the bouncer had to go on short hint

The final page of a Storybook

From Annapolis through O. Henry, storytellers have always tried to pack a little extra punch into their final page. This book is no exception. We'd like to tell you a few extra good things about visiting the United States, in hopes that you will indeed decide to choose an adventure from Storybook U.S.A.

1. Shopping. America's big cities are particularly known as great places to buy great things, and they are. But don't forget the special little items from the country areas—Indian ceramics from Martha's Vineyard, silverware from colonial Williamsburg, household things from Pennsylvania Dutch country and Old Sturbridge. Shop around, compare styles, colours, and prices. You'll find what you want. Remember, you can bring back to Canada \$50 in merchandise, duty-free, for every person in your party who has been outside Canada for 48 hours. Or if you stay in the U.S. 7 days, you may bring back \$150 worth. The first exemption is good every calendar quarter, the second once a year.

2. Food. It's varied, and it's good. You can eat French or Mexican, or Indian or Czech, Polynesian or Italian. Better still, you can eat native U.S. cooking: Cape Cod Quahog Chowder, made from big, juicy quahog clams. Diamondback Terrapin Pie—a rich turtle stew, sometimes served with turtle eggs. Pennsylvania Dutch schmitz and knep—small dumplings with dried

apples and ham. Every state has something special, and you could travel around for a couple of weeks without ever tasting a steak or hamburger. But that would be a pity too.

3. Accommodations. As in Canada, they're plentiful and good. You can, of course, pay \$25 for a city hotel room or \$50 for a well-kept campground. There are several new motel chains which specialize in good-value, "no-frills" rooms for as little as \$5 or \$8 a night. ("No-frills" might eliminate the swimming pool, but not the comfort.) Remember, too, that seasons make no difference; off-season travel can save you up to 50%. This is true for most rural stops (unless there is a local festival of some kind), but generally, cities do not have seasonal rates.

4. The same but different. A Canadian won't feel lost in the United States. The language is the same, the roads are similar, and a corner drugstore is a corner drugstore in both countries. Yet there is tremendous variety in the U.S., in the places, the people, the stories you'll find as you travel. We've told you a few; we hope you find many more on your own. Discovery is always the greatest fun.

And that's it. Come. Visit Storybook U.S.A. We want you to have a vacation that you'll talk about and remember happily ever after.



When I was young and 20, taking journalism at Ryerson, it was considered very daring and chichi to drink at an establishment at the corner of Yonge and Gould called the Edison Hotel. The Edison, then, a new place, leaving only the steamed remains of a landmark in County and Western Toronto style.

It handled the clientele in C&W, the Billie Joe Carvers and their perished ladies, the Memphis bands who were more notable for their animal sensuality than their pulsating-driving talents. For us, it was strictly hard-boiled cops and drunks. At 25 cents a glass, we couldn't afford not to drink there. And besides, we thought of it as a down-home version of an Algonquin Round Table.

The problem was that after two years of feeding off the prosaics at the Edison, we got a little bored with the small-time hoopla and began poisoning each other that not Friday afternoon we'd get away from the Horseshoe Tavern. The Horseshoe was the epitome of a heavy country saloon replica with a Who's Who of singing talent. But as I said, we were young and 20, so we never made it over to Queens and Spadina. It would have been too big a transition. By word of mouth, we knew that if we did our slumming there we'd encounter untold numbers of drunks and belligerent men who would find our tender souls too equally tender bodies uncomfortably ripe pickings.

Now, the whole point of the story destination on the Horseshoe Tavern is to illustrate just how much it has upgraded its image in the past five years. Although it's been providing top-class country and western entertainment for more than a quarter of a century, the Horseshoe has only recently managed to drop its juke-box image. You're no longer slumming if you go there, partly because country music is now an acceptable style of contemporary pop, and partly because most of us have undergone a healthy change away of our great expectations. The S&D at the Hyatt House is a barn, the Horseshoe is not.

The place itself (a dining room bar and lounge) boasts a classic ambience but doesn't really do justice to something that is just as much a state of mind as an environment. It looks, smells and feels dingy, dark, sticky, maybe and real. What is missing in the clientele, which defies classification. C&W entrepreneurs are fond of saying: "The people are a real cross-section." The Horseshoe attracts happen and wins, the Chic-Franks, the Avenue housewives and, of course, your clichéd country folk. The Horseshoe is very big on stereotypes, this is no Qwert. And boasts the fun of honest male sexual life an impeccable understanding of pending disaster, there is danger here nearby.

I'm not a sexually neurotic woman (okay, maybe just a little bit) but I swear I feel that at the Horseshoe I used a good chance of being a) beaten up, or b) raped. And that, I guess, accounts for why I am usually attracted to the whole scene like most little old lady spectators. I have not had any fear-wish, really, the joke, as they say, is dead. According to co-owner and manager Morton Starr, the Horseshoe hasn't had a fight in years: "I know our image, but we have one of the best records in town. We don't even have a bouncer during the week. No one comes here for trouble. They just love country music

that's all, and they just want to hear a good performance. And you'd better give them a good performance or they'll throw a chair at you — but that's not right."

Morton mentions that the Horseshoe is the best kept secret in the whole of North America. Or as he puts it: "There isn't anybody who doesn't like the Horseshoe."

He tells me that the Horseshoe has presented every big name in C&W with the exception of Johnny Cash. Morton has seen them all — Charlie Pride, Hank Williams, Bill Anderson, Loretta Lynn, not to mention Jan Tyson (Morton's favorite performer in the whole wide world), the Carboys, Showband, and, of course, Sweeney Todd.

Sweeney Todd, in fact, was given his first real exposure at the Horseshoe courtesy of Morton's uncle, co-owner Jack Starr, who "believed in Sweeney" from the very first. Now, taking a gamble on Country (five years ago was a very big risk indeed) Starr held on near with the Marston who constituted a stable presence of the Horseshoe's clientele, but what about everyone else?

No worry. Morton's was dynamic from the start indeed, Morton is his son, understanding. Way now refers to him as the Eighth Wonder of The World, a hell-of-a performer who knows what his audience wants and gives it to them straight! However, Sweeney is Canadian, and for many of us, an acquired taste. For Americans, he's strictly a no-go. "Americans don't under-



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR C&W

and Stomper," says Merion. "Anytime anyone's up here from Nashville and they can perform on that band of us, they go nuts. They fall over the table."

Merion thinks in terms of doses. Off the record, he'll name you artists that, in his well-chosen words, "don't drive him, Cassanova. These and the Shambles are the lowest at the Horseshoe." The whole saw crop of Canadian performers, in fact, are doing so well that he now only has to book an American once a month. Not to mention the fact that most of the U.S. stars, coming in on hillbilly chutz, have overpriced themselves out of the Horseshoe's budget. About the highest Merion will cough up these days is \$3,600 for a one night gig from Bill Anderson.

When black singer Charlie Pride hit the big time a couple of years ago and had left the Horseshoe in favor of the CNE stadium and 17,000 fans, he closed his act by telling the audience that he was going over to the Horseshoe after the show and wouldn't they all like to join him. Which, unfortunately for the waitress, a goody number did. But that's not the point. The point is that a big star like Pride didn't forget where he got his start in Toronto. He remembered Merion and the Horseshoe.

It's been like that since the beginning 35 years ago when Jack Starr looked his first country act. That, like Stomper's Tavern, had been a tier, nobody else was looking C&W. But Jack signed the late Howshaw Hawkins, and the smell of success was in the air. Howshaw unfortunately never lived to see much of the Horseshoe's climb to fame, he perished in the 1959 air crash that also killed singer Patsy Cline.

And so the best goes on at the Horseshoe, Monday to Saturday, cover charge on weekends only. It passed the way, took a risk on a main style that had no urban track

reward. The Stars never signed this, because "A lot of people think country music is for the mentally deficient," says Merion. "But music is music. If it's good, it's worth listening to. And a lot of country music is very good."

Molly and Albert Nightingale agree. Better known as the operators of Toronto's Brunswick House, the Nightingales have only recently entered the C&W saloon business. Their bar, Molly and Me, opened December 3 at Bloor and Lansdowne, and is already gaining itself a nice little reputation as a close, brightly lit venue for country fans and performers. Some people might call this catering in on a trend, but opportunity is recognized by necessity and the Nightingales are nothing if not sincere. They're also trailblazers in the sense that they pioneered the bright lights/cheap drinking theory of clientele attraction.

The Nightingales don't believe you have to sit in the dark to drink. Molly and Me is a cheery and wholesome respite from the devilish dark of the Horseshoe. They also think there's more to life than singing beer, and their other purpose in opening up was to find new Canadian talent not otherwise getting exposure.

"When we decided to open a new spot," says Molly, "we did a lot of homework and met many country singers who'd dropped out of the business because the only place they had to play in wine dray bars — places you would never take your wife or girl friend to. We want to provide a Canadian centre where artists can meet and discover each other, and where the clientele can feel relaxed and comfortable. In other words, you can bring a lady here."

You can also hear some extremely fine Canadian music. The Nightingales aren't looking any American, concentrating instead on promoting such singers as Darlene Zaldy, Bev Marie, Jerry Warren, Don Hoggard, Dick Dutton and Tim Denech. The Nightingales confirm that Canadian country music is definitely the up-and-coming trend, all it needs is promotion. And anyone who could make a landmark out of a dive like the Brunswick Hotel understands promotion. And they're following the same formula with their new bar as with the old one, the same slogans and promises, only reconfigured — "If You're Country Folk, You're Kia Folk."

Although the club's been running since December, the official opening won't be held until May 12, when Albert Nightingale will be sufficiently recovered from a recent heart attack to attend the festivities. Joining him will be Premier Bill Davis and Mayor Christie, so who says Country hasn't gotten anywhere?

Molly and Me has been relatively trouble-free thus far. The room takes a dim view of excessive drinking and fake IDs, and if you're not interested in listening to the music, you can take your periscope elsewhere.

Molly has no time for people who won't give country music a chance. She admits herself that the secret used to be "I always thought it was a bit like that weird twangy stuff. But it's so much more. It's really beautiful. Now can you say that *Help Me Make It Through The Night* isn't rather beautiful?"

It's that kind of open-mindedness and enthusiasm that will probably make Molly and Me the same huge success as the Brunswick. As I learn, I hear confirmation in the air. "They're the Nightingales. Give the Brunswick. Nice people, very nice people."

The last time I interviewed them at the Brunswick Molly and Albert gave me an I LOVE THE BRUNSWICK T-shirt. This time they gave me a white, I'M A BIG SOB at MOLLY AND ME t-shirt. I am touched. I am also sweetly embarrassed as I ride home on the subway, dreading if I'll see it, and if I won't fit on my pants.

Good music. Good people. With you.



CHFI-98.1

Stereo FM



THEY LOVE HER AT THE OPRY

Aunt Bea is good folk

Her name is synonymous with Nashville. Or so she says. And for those among us who equate Good Times with taking a three-day bus tour to Nashville's Grand Old Opry (or to be exact the new old Opry), Aunt Bea Martin probably is the last word in country-style weekends.

Aunt Bea (for Aunt Bea of the old *Andy Griffith Show*) has been organizing eight annual bus tours for the past 15 years. The \$105 tour package includes return bus transportation, two nights in a downtown Nashville motel, a ticket to the new Opry house, a tour of the Country Hall of Fame, and a variety of introductions to performers at Aunt Bea's own wing.

It also includes one of those infrequent chances to make an idiot of yourself, get drunk, sing, dance, stomp and just generally have a ball of a time. Although Aunt Bea invited me to join the group's Easter tour, deadlines and the fact that my car's on heat precluded any taking this once-a-lifetime trip, despite the fact that "as a pretty girl, I would have a ball." I also would have had my very own red-and-white gator badge with my name and the restaurant, club, museum, casino, printed on it. So be it. I never get to dance with the Prince of Wales either.

It was once written that Aunt Bea plans her bus tours with the precision of a NASA mission. Indeed, she's been running tours long enough to block any trouble at the pass. "I run the buses very strictly. I don't let them drink here because it makes them sick. They stick to beer. And even though we have the old streaker and a lot of drink, ing, nothing ever gets out of hand when I'm around. And she, bus drivers are definitely not allowed to drink and drive."

The trip is 822 miles and 17 hours long, and stops included. The tour takes ("A real cross section," she tells me. Naturally), who usually fill eight or nine buses, leave the Horseshoe Tavern in hourly fashion, beat and holler wild about the time they reach Detroit, then generally beg down for the rest of the journey. You don't want to be home ever for Nashville!

Each bus has its own personality: couples only, action outfits, single singles, and mixed bag. In fact on the last tour, a group of priests hired one of the buses, and in return for the group discount gave them by Bea sent her on a bus trip to Las Vegas in March. When I asked Bea's

daughter Judy what kind of priests they were, she said they were wondering that too, and had decided to call them the Swinger Priests.

"It's a fun trip," says Aunt Bea (she calls herself that). "Occasionally we have more women than men, but once the men hear that a balance up on the next tour. My two daughters both met their husbands on the buses."

Aunt Bea has been a lifelong devotee of Country & Western. Growing up in Illinois, she listened to West Virginia's popular WVA, and danced there and there to get a job somehow involving C&W. She moved to Toronto, and became hostess at the Horseshoe. The tours arose spontaneously. "A group of us would be sitting around talking about Nashville, wishing we could go there. Then I figured why not? We could rent buses and go down together."

Bea's tours are now the biggest producers of Nashville bus trips in Canada. Her clients have signed on the church pews in the swaying best of the Grand Old Opry, waited the sidewalks where Black Snow once headed his wars, heard the very best in the business perform live. Nowadays, they go in a little more style. The year-old new Opry house is air-conditioned with comfortable seats.

"The new house is really nice," says Bea. "But it doesn't have the same atmosphere, the same sense of history as the old Opry. It had the most beautiful sound in the world. Fortunately, they've kept it as a tourist attraction. It's only \$1.50."

A bonus of being one of Bea's people is that the Opry performers are so used to having her around, that more often than not they'll make the whole damn tour over in one of their buses. As happened on the last tour. Carl and Pearl Barker, local big names, took two buses to their ranch outside Nashville and fed everybody. And were real nice. As far as the locals are concerned, Aunt Bea is Miss Nashville North. They keep her open for her and her legal Canadian and extend favors when other bus tours meet down there.

Funny things have happened on the tours. Such as the time the CBC show *Telescope* accompanied the group. The camera crew had all the equipment set up to capture the adoring faces of the tour people watching the performers. Minor hitch: one of the group had been overindulging and he tripped over a cord, sending the lights crashing. The incident was faithfully recorded on film.



AUNT BEA MARTIN

Who wakes up Brady-in-the-Morning?

Most Rufus

Brady's rude awakening every day at 4 A.M. And if it weren't for Brady's built-in, four-legged shaggy alarm system, several hundred thousand sleepy people would get up on the wrong side of the bed.

Oh, you could still enjoy the best music. We'd stay on top of the traffic situation and keep you posted on the latest news, weather and sports. But let's face it, a morning without Brady wouldn't do much for the dispositions of all his listeners. So we make no bones about it. We count on that cold nose as much as you do.

Don't you wish you were in Brady's pyjamas?



which was nice and everything, but there was no footage of the group. So... when they all returned to Toronto, TV director Paul Lynch had to take the scene by writing an old church, phoning Ben to reflect 25 of her closest friends, and shooting it all over again with them pretending they were at the Grand Ole Opry itself.

"Well, it was the funniest thing you ever saw," she remembers. "There we all were in this spooky old church, sitting into black spaces, pretending Hank Williams was singing to us. Anyway, it went off okay and when the show was on, you never would have guessed we weren't at the Opry house at all."

On the tour prior to that, CBC personality Norman Delaney accompanied the group and entertained everyone by giving short bits in the hallway to the Nashville model. It seems when journalists join the tour, there's never a dull moment. (Is that why they were paid?)

Ben is no longer at the Horseshoe, and she's married. And Ben's Nashville Room, an after hours club, which she ran out of her house for seven years. She is content to let herself — if that's the right word — to organizing the train and promoting new talent. Right now, she's busy with Chris Butler, 14, and Eddie Kerner, 22.

Colin is in the process of signing a recording contract in Nashville, makes appearances in the dining room at the Horseshoe and is studying himself for an upcoming *Weekend Update*.

Eddie, who recently won the Canada-wide contest, "Search for the Singing Cowboy," has just made his first record, *Thank You for Me & My*, and under Ben's tutelage is trying to turn away from his traditional western style. It seems he's got the Hank Williams approach and the radio stations simply won't play it because Hank Williams, it turns out, is dead.

"You know, there has been an incredible increase in popularity for Country in the past two years. More and more people are fans when you wouldn't expect. After all, Country is getting much more sophisticated. Why, when I first met Lorena Linn, she dressed real country, now she dresses real modern."

ONE MORE CHORUS OF BLUE-TAIL FLY

Just as Country had begun to achieve some credibility beyond the truck stops and the blood-sucker beer halls, along came Michael T. Wolf — otherwise known as The Singing Newfoundland (which does not sink, let's face it, with The Velvet Fog so far as films go).

Michael T. is what you call a throwback in his gold sneakers (ask your father), ducktail haircut and shoelace ties. The problem is that a lot of people in C&W, at both the performing and promoter levels, are older red-heads embarrassed with old Michael T. who threatens to set the industry back 20 years.

But Michael T. doesn't much care. Michael T. understands promotion, and wherever he goes he picks 'em up. Michael T. is in the books. Remember Tulp Tulp? The man they laughed, the chair he got. Michael T. likes to be laughed at.

Nobody is laughing at such up-and-comers as Dick Durston, whose latest (coming way) hit is *Master Love And Cowboy*. Dick is from Edmonton and was recently honored by the Alberta government.

Lynn Lynne, the latest in *Canada's On My Mind* has been around a long time and consequently is a popular attraction on the C&W circuit.

Darlene Modell is the name you hear most in Toronto C&W circles, she is a new style artist, so hillbilly honey. Her latest is *Kissed On My Door*. Darlene, among others, is produced by an interesting entrepreneur named Guy Bush. Bush writes, publishes, produces, records and sings — in short, he's a one-man band, called "Mr. Canadian Country" by readers.

According to Walt Grenda, founder of the Euro Awards, country artists are pulling out of the promotions next year. "They don't want to compete with a bunch of musicians."

GORDON CRESSY,
leader of effective classroom
You can take the boy out of the country but not the country out of a boy like me.

JOHN FISHER,
president Canadian Musical Weekly Association
Ontario
Country music always reminds me of what Miss Lorraine says of herself: a true rural integrity.

ED MERVISH,
theatre owner
It's good, I can appreciate it. I like Johnny Cash. But I don't get much exposure to it down here in the theatre of course, we have had *At the Gate Your Gun* — is that Country?

in the game I find, though, that in brief moments over the radio, country music can be merry and pleasant. And like most Canadians, I respond positively to some stars like Gord Lightfoot and Anne Murray. Bless them both.

DR. SAUL LEVINE,
child psychiatrist
I hate country music. The lyrics are brutal. The music is so inferior.

The undertone is sadistic. But I respect anyone's right to listen to that kind of crap.

JOAN MITTON,
newspaper columnist
Country music is like Toronto men — honest, sincere with a capital S, but not much style.

advertis with biblical inscriptions or tabloids with a scriptural passage, all for \$1.50. I sent away for a couple of the tabloids a few years ago and gave one to Harold Town for his birthday.

JOHNNIE F. DASSETT,
entrepreneur
When I was a kid in Sherbrooke, Quebec, my mother made me take a nap between one and one-thirty every day. I'd snore on the radio and listen to country music. I've always liked it.

BERNARD CAMPAU,
newspaper critic
C&W isn't really my scene. I wouldn't dash out in the middle of the night to catch a whole concert.

HAROLD TOWN,
artist

I enjoy the music for itself and for its mysterious aspect. Although they're cooking their wings a lot, country stars still have the intellectual curiosity of the ancient Egyptians. They're Mummies in the backyard.

WILLIAM KILBOURN,
advertiser

I like country music — but then I have a whole range of additions. I used to love cowboy songs when I was a kid and I've always listened to Whodunnit. West Virginia — WVVA — where they have these incredible things you can use in for a dance.

HILLBILLY CHIC

For a night of musical laughter at the Horseshoe, complementing his own bar outfit reflecting a one-man with our male brethren are simply a must. What better way to say "Hiway, fellow-lovers of country music!" than marvelous venetian darts, the working girl's handiwork cloth? She has chosen a matching skirt and vest ensemble, nicely highlighted by checked shirt and red vest. And of course, very practical and attractive boots! Her gaze and stare, nicely faded, are set off beautifully by the recently styled hair and (since she only the week before and the general of course) Tacky, of course, but not too tacky! Just right for "dancing it" on the dancefloor or for those up-and-coming dancer parties in The Annex! (Or don't by Thriller's of Church Street).



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID DAVIS

WEEPING WOMEN AND RUNNING MEN

It's not Cole Porter, but they seem to like it



Despite the spectacular upswing in popularity for country music among the real and pseudo sophisticates, my instincts were not all that good when this season's *Is There*. The public class has always had a way of embracing shiny new phenomena, smothering them and sucking them dry, then tossing them away. Remember *Felt*?

Kristenhirson, Murray, Dylan (young Zimmerman has never been anything if not adaptable), the Allmans and so many others have made Country palatable in the washed-up studios and led some toward the more basic and crude performers. It seems to be seen whether or not the New Followings are simply condescending to those amusing bumpkins, or is genuinely touched by the music. My feeling is that the former is true, that the majority of the New Followings will continue to sell about the music and the musicians. Of course they are not of one, out of the current subculture of thought, where a woman's liberation, where are the gentle and intellectual men? When, for God's sake, is contemporary culture? More than anything else, I think those heavy suits put me off. Who looks comfortable that way is the *Servants*? Dolly Parton and Loretta Lynn, that's who. Who wears seagram and sells herself a man? Think *Shore*, no name just one. But I do have a new respect for the men and women in Country—because they are fighting incredible odds. They're fighting an image that says they're of living IQ, of questionable taste and talent. I found dozens of underground country breaks, people who admit after a second drink that yes, by gods, they like C&W, that the music tells about real life.

that it is honest and straight, that there are no tricks and guile. It's basic and honest. And if hypocritically so, who and what can't?

Like the pop music industry, Country is made dominant. It's a chaotic business. There are more male performers, more male managers and more male fans. But country music deals basically with The Family, and the man is the head. It is he who turns the daily keeps, who fathers the kids, who ultimately deserves his quiet loving women. The female is background scenery, her lot is to love, please, cook, and cry when that man of hers cuts off for the last time. As Henry Roden once said, "When a woman feels the blues, she sits down and cries, when a man feels the blues, he gets a train and rides." The blues is archetypal, there are only variations, whether they're written in Nashville or Toronto. It's fundamentalism at its most blatant, but at its essence is misleading. Though it looks like female per excellence, only one out of 1,000 releases ever makes the top of the chart.

Surprisingly, on a percentage-population scale, country records sell more in Canada than the U.S. Our roots, however, are different. We have no Quebec, no Appalachians, no bayou swamps. Our country is more ethnic. The Scotch tradition in Nova Scotia, the old-time fiddlers in Quebec, the Acadians in New Brunswick, the Irish in Newfoundland. As for the western part of C&W, it really doesn't exist up here. No sagebrush and dogs. What we do share with the Americans is a musical honesty for a great reason: of us, country songs tell it exactly as it is.

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Rowe has written poems on toilet paper

punctuated with your name

"Please believe me I'm the world's best salesman," he says. One would never doubt him, but witnesses keep popping up in actual. Builder Virgil Cain shakes his head adversely to refute him. Terry Rowe talked him into carpeting the bathroom and kitchen of his condominium model suites with deep lush shag although the men themselves would sooner walk it. "I like poems who he's selling me," says Virgil. "It's the women who beg." "Yes," says Terry Rowe. "I think it's part of the secret. Knowing what people want. It's the most subtle poetry."

Indeed, poetry and condominiums have proved surprisingly compatible. His former employer, the broken Del Zotto — recently linked to criminal activity by a royal commission was witness in the construction industry — bought up 600 copies of *The View From Love* and gave one away free with every condominium. Sometimes inspiration has even come on the job.

"I've never start out doing to write a poem," he says. "I've got an inspiration of a line I cannot explain." "God?" Perhaps "Spirits?" Perhaps. It's just a matter of sitting down and having the words come to you. I could be sitting in a restaurant or the job. Why I've written poems on toilet paper. Once I was on the middle of talking to some people who were buying a condominium and I just had to excuse myself and go and write it down."

Centrally, however, such agency is brought on by thoughts of love. We ask not too minutes into the interview when he suddenly philosophizes: "You know there's just no such thing as lost love." It is a syllogism that he never tires of which is handy. "People," says his publisher Eva Dipeen, "really do want to know about love." In that enduring search, they have flooded him with adoring letters. Flooded around him at back telephone and lived him in an elaborate phone. Should they want to listen to him on the subject, however, they only have to dial 416-962-8888 to hear him out. At one the receiver with feeling.

I remember how I used to lay beside

you
awake or down,
pretending to be asleep
hoping you would awaken
and get up

for the morning coffee on
a glass high jerk; while on the 24-hour voice-activated Handing Record-a-Call box then changes to with the announcement: "This month on Dallas

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And when you get around to dinner, remember Dry Sack can go right along with you.

Now what cocktail can say that?



Sherry DRY SACK
A lighter way of drinking.

He used to wear his sneakers when he read poetry on television — until he found out that was what Rod McKuen did

From Toronto's most requested post-Tory Brewer "A biopic at the end invites listeners to state their names and addresses for further information on how to obtain the companion To You With Love album backed by a half-dozen chorus and quavering xylophones. At one point it seems the Doo-It-Peet-of-Love line is tied as solidly for hours

"Hawesworth tell me it just picks up their whole day," he says.

The album and the duo's songs are the brainchildren of real ocean ad man Sam Kates who first heard Ferry, Rowx on the John Gilbert show over his car radio and knew he had to sign him up that same afternoon. "Not because of what he was saying," says Kates. "But

because of the reaction he was having on people. It was incredible. Terry's a super salesman and a good salesman can sell anything. What he's selling in his books are not warm thoughts."

It was in 1916 he picked up early when he ran away from his grandparents' Peterborough farm at 13 fleeing behind his first history of epilepsy — a farewell note. It had been, he says "a terrible, terrible childhood. His mother died when he was three. His father, a career army man, was never on the scene. He was shunted from home to home, first a "crust" stepmother's, then to his grandparents' dirt farm where "the only food members I have about it is the bread."

As a child, he says "the only way to close my father's dinner," he says, "I just decided 'I want to be somebody out there who would show me some affection.'"

Why *Dad Black* has drawn me more attention than most people in my career? *Dad Black* looks a little bewildered by it all and wanders out again.

Sometimes, Terry Rowe continues on "people have never known how sad I've been."

standing in the aisle
were pointed to the poorest
glory.
happier...
watching the money ride
rolling in
one of the happy
unhappy people
was, that I

On the road his life took many turnings. Bikes, motorcycles, his baroque candy-boy field hand and onion picker — they are memories reminiscent of his recent life. But that's not the life he wants. Not that they are his only memories. He used to show up to read his poetry on TV wearing his needles-bow tie. I found out that's what Rod McKean saw. In a Detroit strip palace, he hooked up with an old blind woman. Seated next to him, prepped up, snored a man. "I was like, 'This is the worst of these nightclubs on TV. I was the barber I guess. I'm a natural gift for it.' Whenever I was doing I always wanted to be the best." His younger brother left behind on the farm was surprised when the proceeds started to add up. "I was like, 'I'm gonna be a star.' I came from the streets, I grew up in the streets, I was a street kid." He has a lot of friends, but without some crew — "He was always premier, always premier."



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He talks about the time he was on welfare, brokenhearted, drinking too much. Actually, he was only on welfare five weeks

lunches, always on the move. My brother would be the ideal perfect car salesman."

When photo identifications papers prompted Uncle Sam to beckon for the draft, he left a hotel retreat back to London, Ontario to look in with his brother and father, but only long enough to join the RCMP and move into

a model cruise. Husband-fisher, restaurateur, head of chapel construction, champagne caterer—he spent 11 years at it. 30 of them in Europe. All opportunities would no longer be missed.

He left the services to open a Guinness Dairy Queen. From that disaster he bounced into heading up a mutual fund for the short-lived British television

Finance group in Europe, driving a silver Mercedes and living high till the bottom fell out of that too. Back in Canada he joined his sisters in the worlds of fake insurance and real estate in some circles today they still talk about the infamous soft-shell dinners he ran from Toronto hotels, picking models and Florida plots after the time news head had been cleared away, assuming his lucky guests selected from a resume making list that he was only interested in offering them a deal of a lifetime, not selling anything else so it is nothing, though, that he cares to dwell upon.

Terry Rowe prefers to talk of the time when he was down and out on welfare, brokenhearted, and drinking too much. Actually he was only on welfare five weeks and then because he admits he was out of working and wanted to waste "But I was in a bad way," he says.

A phone call to a fellow Florida land salesman with a farm outside Toronto brought a quick invitation for shelter. There, he spent a lot of time in rocking chairs, surrounded Kubli (The Prophet), Gibran, Jonathan Livingston Seagull and the ubiquitous McKean. It was a diet that promptly produced *To You With Love*, although he insists he wasn't embarrassed by any of these. "This one is much you to write about the soul," he says.

Sure, I like riding in a Cadillac. But I don't care if ever I own one. I can sit for hours now in a beat up pickup truck.

Just getting to life.
Terry Rowe is talking about getting back to the land. "My dream would be to have a couple of hundred acres. Just a place where people could come and read and think," he says. "The simple things—that's what I love."

Unfortunately he has not yet been able to get around to it. For the moment he has had to content himself with the \$125,000 two-story house in the heart of suburban Mississauga with a chocolate-brown Oldsobile Royale and a white Mustang in the driveway, a living room full of pristine overstuffed pink and powder-blue velvet and a den full of music. Spanish modern with a well-stocked bar from which he is just pouring himself his second gin and tonic of the day. "I could live right now on my royalties if I didn't have such extraordinary tastes," he says. "If I don't make \$25,000 this year from the books, I'll be



A lot of nice things happened:

My birthday! Liz gave me a new fly rod.
Met our new neighbours.
They're going to be just fine.
Finally beat old Bull at cribbage, Ha!
Liz learned to cook.
Lasagna. Mucho Bueno!
Liz promised to pick up more Bonded Stock.

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Good taste for any
occasion.**



YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A CAREER OUT OF A SUMMER JOB.

Once upon a time there was a student who selected her self out of a summer job. (Oh no, we're not just picking on girls. We've seen guys do it, too!) She wanted to be an architect, the kid. So she held out for a job that had something to do with architecture. None came along that year, and by the time she decided to settle for something else, it was too late. All the jobs were gone. So was her first year's tuition.

Moral: Don't hold out for the impossible dream.

Who knows? Your Canada Manpower Centre for Students might introduce you to a whole new field. Maybe you'll like your summer job so much you'll want to make a career out of it someday.

HAVE A YOUNG SUMMER.

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[illegible]

A quick glance above shows you why staying at The Prince Hotel can be a complete holiday in itself! The accommodations and entertainment facilities are so extensive and total reg. over people who live in Toronto often spend weekends at The Prince.

The Prince Hotel
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giving and build her fledgling firm around him. Having just returned from Australia promoting Rod McKuen, she saw that "Here was someone with the same appeal. So many poets speak to just a few people. Terry hits everybody with a very understanding reality." Well, maybe not everybody. "I'm not writing for the traditional minority with



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"Always was a love-'em-and-leave-'em type, just get tired of them and disappear"

are so long up on their own eggs they can't see the truth and still it surprises me," he says.

In times that are too often confusing, Terry Rowe is clearly saying something to those who want a simple message to cling to. In an age when emotions are more often numbed than aroused, he serves up an instant infusion of feeling, quick, colorful and painless, but best of all easy to read. He has become a romance bodice snatcher to a whole crop of women who need a little romance in their lives, substitute satisfaction for a whole age of men who aren't sure now what they're supposed to say or how.

"I only hope people will look into it," he says, "and discover the real meaning of love."

The secret of a love long ago is like the old grey swan with holes that I keep telling myself I'll throw away some day.

"Love is the strongest force in the universe," says Terry Rowe, snatching his steak sandwich. "Love is harmony with yourself, harmony with your fellow man and harmony with the universe. It is love that is going to bring us all back together. Love is man's ability to conquer ego."

It is the following day over lunch, yet Mocha from his condominium riffs out of a sea of mood and I am searching for a definition. But Canadian's current love poem is pretty assured. "You're talking about the personal level between a man and a woman," he waves off the question. "I'm interested in a far greater sphere. I have thought I was in love many many times," he says. "But as I grow older I realize I had been love; it would have lasted."

"Terry was always a real ladies' man," remembers his brother Ted from their latter days in London. "A real love bot-

and-leave-'em type. Terry'd just get tired of them after a while and disappear."

After seven years of marriage to a French girl named Adeline and three children, he disappeared out of his marriage and is currently awaiting a divorce. He has never seen the kids nor visited them since, he says. "You don't know how painful that was for me," he says. "I used myself to sleep every night for six weeks. But I figured I was doing them more good that way than being a part-time father."

Other relationships too have vanished. The German girl who converted him and followed him to Canada, the New York secretary who prodded him into publishing the first book and was rewarded with the poems, promise that one love will keep, an image of him I am sure, his father, now in a London mansion, whose whereabouts he says he doesn't know. "And I don't want to know." As George Wilks, a former friend who once lent him his apartment with five no-ways in, says, "I guess I feel exorcised to him. He never comes around any more. Terry's the kind of guy who just drifts out of your life."

He is drifting out of the restaurant and back to the world of contemporary, but not before I ask him about his girls in life. He talks about cross-country concert tours, records, films, a novel he's over the top and a TV spectacular tracing "the entire history of art from the beginning of man to the present day. But his latest work of two days ago has cooled somewhat. It is a ball and bottle. It isn't small, but I realize he may already have answered the question.

Some of us never change and the change we see

Today, it's Paul Newman, tomorrow, it might be you, or even me - /



Dear one I join women's lot"

"When you're Sky Driving 2,000 feet above Hell's Gate, it's no time to get a flat."



"So long as you don't get a puncture...sky driving over Fraser Canyon. British Columbia, in a balloon mobile is a great way to travel. No traffic jams. No speed limits. No detours. Only the treacherous mountain currents...which we luckily avoided."



"After we landed, disaster struck. Thump...thump...thump! A blowout on a lonely, wilderness road. And 'Captain' Jon Simmonds of the good ship 'Balcorn' was just another earth bound driver...wrestling with a spare tire."

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PASSING THE TIME WITH GERRY REGAN

He may be the premier, but he's still a good old Hants County boy

BY ALDEN NOWLAN

The first thing I learned about politics as a child in rural Nova Scotia was that you got paid for your vote. Before I knew the name of the prime minister I knew that on election day a head wind heeler would come into the yard with a two-dollar bill (or later years it was a five-dollar bill) for my grand-mother and a bottle of rum for my father. Remember me word heeler came, a Girl and a Tory, one after the other, and sat in our kitchen smoking cigars. Then my father, already half-drunk from his first pint, would mutter some words with transparent syntax for a second. No, no, Sam, I can't drink so near yet, would daught mebbe I wouldn't bother with it this time.

In that microscopic world the cigar was like John Keegan's fly whisk or the Gentleman Under a Black Rod, the emblem of power. Society was divided unevenly between the Little Man and the Big Man. The Little Man had better learn to keep his mouth shut and his arms low my father told. He was a guy who had smoked with his hands even as late as he was 14 and whispered he would to himself when he read the *Bible for Children*. *Menard* The Big Man whether politician, lawyer, doctor, milk-parker or carnival owner, could afford to keep his nose high — and smoke his cigar.

There was a dirt road through our village. A few weeks before an election the government party's poll captain, who was ex-officio the local road superintendent, would announce that the boys down in Halifax had contacted him to get his road for paving. Men were hired to spread gravel, cut bushes and widen ditches. Carefully enough everyone talked as if this time the announcement were genuine, and the chief topic of conversation was the effort the road would have on the life of the community.

The Sunday before election day the work stopped, and three or four years later (unless if there was a by-election) they got her ready for paving again. This procedure, followed throughout the province in the 1930s and 1940s, had

been perfected by Premier "All's Well With Angus L." Macdonald, who maintained a notorious but durable credibility by occasionally ordering that certain stretches of road actually be paved.

This all comes back to me this morning I leave the Land Nelson Hotel for the office of Gerald A. Regan, premier of Nova Scotia. Although I've not yet been clocked the cab driver, who speaks with the Highland Scots accent of Cape Breton which sounds more like an Irish brogue than a Lowlands Scotch burr, looks between his knees a Pepsi bottle that smells of rum. "Prosser House," I say to him and after learning that we both like John Allan Cameron, who plays pipe music on the 12-string guitar but feel he's in danger of becoming too slick since he went to Toronto. "What do you think of the guy Gerald Regan?" "Glibby," he says. "Oh, Glibby's not such a bad bugger," which translated means that he's a Gent if he were a Tory, he'd have simply named "Regan" as if the name told it all.

Prosser House is 16 years old. As in government buildings, every where, long young women work electric type writers and intense young men scurry about with papers. On the wide stone exposures of this century politicians look either frightened or angry, depending on whether it was harder for the subject to keep from blinking or to hold his mouth. How incredible my poor father would have been if told that a son of his was not only going to talk with the premier of Nova Scotia but write an article about it. *Written one year past he'd be in a know how place, huh? For me to go back in space is to go back in time.*

"Please to draw," says Gerald Regan. An apologetically ugly, rather vulnerable face with coral eyes. As I've already glimpsed into a chair I wonder still in my naive mind if he's being sincere, and decide that he isn't. "Would you care for a cigar?" Oh God, no — that's too perfect! The butler, again! It turns out that he chain-smokes them this morning (he has never been trying to

gre them up) and later a photographer will tell me that it was always (to obscure the skill with which he painted them) when he sensed a camera was to focus on him.

"I think perhaps I should be a little afraid of you," he says. We laugh like and I went home within 20 miles and five years of one another, although we'd never met before, until. Two Hants County boys. Names of a conservatism that even Dalton Camp, he confides, feared "bewildering" and Geoffrey Blaisdell, one of the warlike politicians in the country. Briefly a national celebrity in the 1950s when two consecutive elections there ended in a tie vote.

Regan's office says nothing about his personality. It is so contrary that the stack of local newspapers on the floor this morning — *Clinique Atlantic*, *Mar*, *Star*, *4th*, *Enterprise*, *Journalist* — seems violently out of place. As we talk he is almost constantly in motion. His paces in lines and circles, his down-spun hair gets up again, goes to the window, pats for a cup of coffee, turns one cigar and lights another. "It would be foolish to deny that there's still a certain amount of vote-buying in Nova Scotia. But it is an entirely different level than it used to be. In Nova Scotia the poll captain of both parties are highly competitive. Some of them are less concerned in electing a government than in getting more votes than their rival across the street or down the road. These people know each other, to them it's a personal contest. Late in the day when the polls are about to close and he's despatched wrong to deliver a very stubborn voter, the poll captain may get carried away and dig into his pocket for the price of a pint or a box of chocolates. But it's not an organized thing."

He adds what I already know: few purchasable voters feel they're being bribed. *Well now, George, the old one*

Allen Johnston is a poet and journalist, who lives in Fredericton, N.B.



PHOTO BY GUY W. LORE FOR THE STAR

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United we move

Nova Scotia voters will accept "treats" without feeling they're being bribed

I've got a little treat here for you and the reason it was seldom a case of selling one's vote to the highest bidder. George and his cousin might even identify with a particular party. If they called themselves Grits, for instance, they wouldn't sell their votes to the Tories, the best the Tories could hope for was to persuade them to stay home. "The attitude of the voter who demands a 'treat' is all you guys are getting something out of it and so I ought to get something out of it too." The 1969 Provincial Election Act makes it illegal to give or accept gifts to induce a person to vote or not to vote. "There were no promises made following the last election, although there are plenty of people who would have been delighted to lay a charge if any evidence had been available."

The right before at the house I asked a politician and a reporter to turn up the Premier in a phrase. "A fool," said the politician. "Just another loud-mouthed jerk," the reporter answered. The voters obviously disagree. Last year Regan Liburan won 31 of the 48 seats in the legislative assembly. He told the politician and the reporter explain that. "There was nobody else to vote for," the politician said. "Yeah," said the reporter. "It was either Regan, or what's-his-name." But Regan's critics and opponents have been underestimating him ever since he first ran (unsuccessfully) for the legislature in 1990. Why the man was a radio sportsman whose audience for God's sake, was "Gothic."

I've heard it rumored that the Premier once came within a hair of physically attacking a television interviewer who had described him on the air as "an over-exaggerator." Is that true? "The tag doesn't worry me any more. I'm not in court but I've always felt it was unfair. At the same time it was a spur-of-the-moment I was news director of the station and working my way through Dalhousie Law School. Nobody ever mentions that." He stands up again, a habit that makes me nervous because each time he does it wonder if it's a signal that it's time for me to go. "No know who you should write about? Anne de Courten. Now, there was an interesting politician for you." He lights up again and tells me his drink. He tells about the Windsor, NS-born premier of British Columbia who changed his name from Smith to the Latin for Lovers of the Universe. "It's too bad we don't have any writer-politicians in this country. Last Roy Jenkins in England. I've been reading his biography of Asquith."

Had there's another of those politicians who would like it to be believed that their dreams before reading is Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. But Van soon convinced that Regan's interest in political history is not only genuine but is fanned. "I've always had a secret desire a hidden ambition: probably nothing will ever come of it, but I'd like to teach history." The conversation moves from Asquith to Deakin's in Melbourne, across a century of British politics. We agree temporarily to be the interviewer and subject. In fact, we spend so much of the next three hours discussing history, British Canada, and summarizing the history of Hants County, that we take time awkwardly wandering each other back to each others in the Casino of refinery and deepwater port, places which has been hanging its since 1972. "The self-hypnotist, but there's certainly a distinct possibility that it may not go ahead" and his attempt to avert the collapse of the government-owned Sydney Steel Corporation by organizing an international consortium to develop a steel-hydrogen-delta world steel producing complex. ("Cape Breton is the most favorable site on the Atlantic coast.")

The Premier's father ran a general store and was for 27 years a town councillor in Windsor, NS. We country boys rode into Windsor on Saturday night on the back of a truck. The townsmen and truthfully that it was easy to identify as we were the guys who stood in front of the Capital Theatre and kept looking in our own problems to make sure we had a lot of money money.

"My own family was of very modest means," Regan says, but he knows as the premier of a larger and richer province might not the economy of the distance between a small-town clerkship and a day laborer. My father never in his life had a permanent, year-around job. Every year there was at least one season called Looking for Work, I got capital letters on the words because that's how he spoke them. Like all Maritime politicians Regan believes the solution to poverty (the politicians generally call it "underemployment") lies in individual development, although he says he is "too impatient" about it than when he did become premier. He used to demand environmentalists as "Tories" and other misguided persons. "I tell you now that he is much more concerned about pollution. I believe we can go ahead without destroying the Nova Scotia we've always had." He is probably the most involved premier in the province's history ("I always fly economy as an ex-

ample to civil servants) and part of the spending has been in speech of industrial capital. Among those who have been given his sales pitch are Aristotle Onassis, John Shalson and Bertie Edmond de Rothschild. A comment since the 4th Easter has accused him of wasting energy "stealing money for his own projects the world over."

Regan's enthusiasm, his bouncing up and down, his posing, seems I've decided from widely rather than at first sight, his one bit over his head, but of looking out-of-control. Ever since he became premier he has been predicting that Nova Scotia would eventually become one of the "basic" provinces. He said to say this would happen within 20 years, more exactly he has been saying it could happen within 12 years. "If we were our opportunities we can develop a new race of Phoenicians." He likes that line. I know, since he uses it again and again in interviews and speeches, but he brands as if he believes it, he says it with such conviction.

House Country was represented in Sir John A. Macdonald's parliament by Joseph Howe the first womanizing orator who brought about respectable government in Nova Scotia and whose statue stands put for front the premier's office. "The first time I ran for the legislature" I stopped at a house where two old brothers lived, brothers in their manner. One of them said to the daughter, "I remember when Mr. Howe came back canvassing." "How's opposition to Confederation was at one time so strong that he worried Nova Scotians it might be necessary for them to take up their muskets and fight the Upper Canadians on the Twenty-four Marches. One doesn't have to talk with Regan far long to realize that he too is a passionate Nova Scotian. He opposes Maritime Union. "It would weaken rather than strengthen us." He dwells "scoundrels" have too much control over business in Nova Scotia. "We need more local direction in our economic life." He attacks the national companies that pay their Nova Scotian employees less than their counterparts in Ontario. "There should be a law forcing them to give equal pay for equal work." Betting a cigar. "When it looked as if Alberta might become a Canadian South Africa, all the national political parties, all the national leaders raised hell. But Ontario has dominated the country for more than 100 years and anyone who pretends to classed as patriotic and maybe even patriotic. If this country is to survive there's got to be genuine decentralization, the national parties and the federal government have got to recognize that they represent all 10 provinces and not just one. We've got to get beyond the narrow thinking of the Bay Street bourgeoisie."



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THE PROBLEM NOBODY TALKS ABOUT

When sex is going badly, your doctor should be the second to know

By W. GIFFORD-JONES, MD

There is no one where communication between doctors and patients is more difficult to achieve than in that of sex. Most patients are usually embarrassed to discuss the most intimate part of their lives with their doctors, but there are occasions when it can be vital to do so. A woman may go to her doctor complaining of tension, irritability, general dissatisfaction with her breast life or family, and even physical symptoms such as headache, backache, constipation or pelvic pain. She may not realize that any or all of these symptoms may be caused by some flaw in the sexual pattern of her life, or she may suspect that that is so but be too shy or ashamed to mention it to her doctor. Seldom a man treated by a gynecologist may feel so inadequate that he dares consult a doctor for fear of being ridiculed.

The problem can be compounded by the fact that the doctor may have several hang-ups, too. He may be even more embarrassed than his patients. And often he is no better equipped to deal with sexual problems than a plumber. Studies carried out at the University of Pennsylvania disclosed that 20% of medical students believed a woman may have an organ before she could conceive a baby. And another survey, carried out in five medical schools in Philadelphia, turned up the second fact that 50% of their students—and 30% of their teachers—believed masturbation caused mental illness.

The new openness with which sex is discussed today should help in dispelling some of the harmful ignorance of sexual matters, but the sheer volume of books and magazine articles on what might



best be called sexual gymnastics may have confused as many people as it has helped. Allegedly original works that suggest you can find vaginal bliss only in a hot pool and novels whose heroes appear to be fitted with the muscles of a mountain lion and whose heroines have tasted many people in on their adventures with antihumanistic rebels. Sex for them becomes an outlet approached in an atmosphere full of tension. Some women marry themselves into the doctor's office because they are so alone, achieve orgasm with their keyboards, and the keyboard is then any figure life is over the first time they are unable

to achieve an erection. It is well to remember that people in real life seldom measure up to fictional heroes. And reading a 300-page book on sex—even "Jilly discussed"—is not likely to turn the average couple into Anthony and Cleopatra, any more than reading a book on dentistry will teach you how to write a symphony.

I recall one couple coming kindly to my office wondering why they were so abnormal. They were very much in love and had tried hard to achieve a full and happy relationship. After two years of marriage they appeared to have succeeded, and were quite satisfied with their sexual life. Then out of curiosity they passed the millions who have rushed out to buy one of the latest books on sex. Some of the things it suggested couples should do didn't seem natural to them. But they didn't like to think of themselves as "square." If something new was going on in the bedrooms of the outside they felt they ought to try it.

So they followed the instructions, but found they were not enjoying sex as much as before. In fact, some of the book's suggestions were downright repugnant. Finally they decided to come to me to see how their marriage could be salvaged if they could not adjust to the new thinking. If I didn't take me long to convince them that they were perfectly normal and that they should revert to their "old-fashioned" ways.

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Intercourse was painful for Mary, not because of an emotional hang-up but because she had an easily remedied tipped uterus

It has been said that in 1993 alone the neck and 15 below it. And it is true that most sexual problems have an emotional rather than a physical cause. Everyone knows that sex much emotionally causes a lot of trouble for one's health. Some patients get stomach ulcers, others tension headaches or high blood pressure. It is not so widely realized that an unresponsive bedroom can create a condition on itself called "reflex inhibited" which is a "breakthrough diagnosis" when they can't find anything more specific to explain their partner's symptoms. But those who believe in this condition feel it is a real diagnosis, and that the condition results from pelvic congestion or engorgement of the female organs. It is particularly likely to occur if, in addition, the patient has a tipped uterus so that even under normal circumstances there may be a slight congestion of the pelvic organs.

Regardless of that controversy few doctors would deny that what goes on in the bedroom can have significant effects on the inner well-being of both men and women. That is why patients who are frustrated by their sex life should consult a good doctor. It may help him get back to report their trouble.

I remember a young couple I shall call John and Mary who came to my office a few months after their marriage. The problems were simple, but no less distressing for that. Mary always experienced severe pain during intercourse. She had been married to a first home and was convinced this was the underlying cause of her trouble. She was not the type of shy, retiring girl you would expect to be embarrassed by sex, and she told me that despite her regret home life she loved her husband very much and thought she could enjoy sex if it were not for the terrible pain. Could I give her a truss or some other drug to help her?

When I learned that a pelvic examination Mary's problem was obvious. She had a severely tipped uterus which was lying against the end of her vagina. During intercourse it was repeatedly being struck and each time a great wave of pain would shoot through her abdomen. The uterus was firmly held in to abnormal position by adhesions resulting from a common condition called endometriosis. Mary

on a trip to Florida, the next Charlie, a lively and good-humored 70-year-old. Within a few months they were married and Martha soon realized that Charlie was much younger sexually than she had thought. But she experienced a good deal of pain every time they had intercourse. She knew how lucky she was to have found Charlie, though so she was putting up with the pain.

Luckily, Martha went for a routine checkup a few months after their marriage. She was surprised when, during the examination, her doctor asked her "Do you find sex more painful?" She was embarrassed to answer it, but, wisely confused that yes, she had been having problems. The doctor explained that she was suffering from a common condition known as "uterine retroversion" resulting from her lack of the female hormones. The pain her an orgasm came so he would, which soon restored the uterus to its former healthy state and then put her on a course of daily estrogen tablets to keep the condition from recurring.

Estrogen has been called the hormone that makes a woman a woman. It is produced by the ovaries during the first two weeks of the menstrual cycle and among the many things it does is to thicken the lining of the uterus to prepare it for the arrival of the fertilized egg. With the onset of the menstrual period and the end of a woman's childbearing years, the ovaries decrease their production of estrogen. This can sometimes have unfortunate results for the women, since one of the functions of estrogen is to keep the vaginal lining thick and healthy. When the body fails to produce enough estrogen, the delicate lining of the vagina becomes thin and small sores may appear, making intercourse painful. It is understandable that women may shy away from sex under such circumstances, but the condition is entirely physical, not mental. And it is easily corrected as quickly as a week by the regular treatment of estrogen cream. Unfortunately, not all doctors agree on the wisdom of pro-

needed surgery to remove the adhesions and rotate the uterus to its normal position, but often and she was free of pain and their sexual life became normal and enjoyable.

It is not only during the early years of marriage that patients encounter sexual difficulties that doctors may be able to resolve by simple medical treatments. The body changes that occur toward the end of a woman's childbearing years can also cause physical problems that may be mistaken for emotional ones. Martha was a 60-year-old woman who had been a widow for 10 years. She had realized herself to a lively life when

her production of estrogen. This can sometimes have unfortunate results for the women, since one of the functions of estrogen is to keep the vaginal lining thick and healthy. When the body fails to produce enough estrogen, the delicate lining of the vagina becomes thin and small sores may appear, making intercourse painful. It is understandable that women may shy away from sex under such circumstances, but the condition is entirely physical, not mental. And it is easily corrected as quickly as a week by the regular treatment of estrogen cream. Unfortunately, not all doctors agree on the wisdom of pro-

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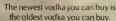
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Since what ails these men is not hypogonadism, there's not a lot a doctor can do for them except urge them to lose weight. You can't be young for-

Fortunately, Jane had read an article which explained that sailors, priests and other men deprived of intercourse for long periods develop prostate trouble and she was soon able to extract Jeff's secrets from him. This open communication and Jane's sympathetic attitude cured Jeff the same night and getting back to a regular sexual pattern cleared up his problems in a few weeks.

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Removal of the prostate gland does not mean an end to a man's sexual potency

Most urologists believe that common prostate has relatively little effect on sexual function. Cases have been cited in which men who believed they had prostatic hyperplasia experienced sexual difficulties, yet on examination were found not to have the disease at all.

But the effect on a man's sexual life can be catastrophic if he learns he needs a prostatectomy, the removal of the prostate by surgery. This can be necessary for instance when cancer develops, as the gland becomes unduly enlarged. One reason men dread this operation so much is that it is known as "the old man's operation." They fear it is the end of the line, and once menopause with the doctor, which can be difficult enough at the best of times, becomes virtually impossible when a man believes his virility is involved. Also, the surgeon may be reluctant to assure a patient that all will be well with his sexual performance after the operation since so much of sex is controlled above the neck. Thus, if the urologist judges when the patient asks if it means the end of his sex life, a little doubt is sown — and doubt is the seed of repression.

Men who are about to have a prostatectomy must realize that important points if they do, there is every chance they will be just as successful sexually after the operation as before it. They should be prepared, however, for one difference that may occur. The prostatectomy is usually done because the gland has become so enlarged that it has partially blocked the outflow of urine. Removing the gland or part of it relaxes and opens up the entrance to the bladder. Normally, when a man ejaculates, the bladder opening closes down, forcing the prostatic fluid and sperm to the outside via the penis. After a prostatectomy, the bladder cannot close itself off efficiently, so that a reverse orgasm may occur, in which the ejaculatory discharge flows into the bladder rather than to the outside. This is harmless, and the feeling of orgasm is not affected, so men should not feel themselves worried about it. They should remember that even after a prostatectomy the urologist can go on producing sex hormones and sperm.

I hope I have shown that there are men when it is imperative for a patient to talk sex to the doctor's office. What should your approach be on these occasions? First, be realistic about your doctor. Do you feel comfortable with him? Does he speak clearly and with you? Does he have a "down to earth" manner? If the answer to these questions is "yes," call up and ask to see him for a

checkup. If you suspect a physical reason for your sexual problem, this may provide the answer. If not, tell the doctor you have a sexual problem you would like to discuss with someone. Ask him if he would ever have the time to talk in your own words, or would he prefer to refer you to someone else. This approach lets your doctor off the hook if sex is an area of medicine he prefers to leave alone.

There's a good chance he will give you a return appointment which will permit enough time to explore what is wrong. Or he may sit back and ask you to tell him the trouble first and there be prepared for this and explain your problem as briefly as possible. If you find it difficult to talk about it directly, take the time before your appointment to write down a short paragraph outlining the problem. This will give your doctor a quick, bird's-eye view of the situation and enable him to ask you questions. You may well find that interesting questions about your difficulties comes easier than spelling them out to the doctor from scratch. No matter how good a listener he is, he is prepared, though, to hear him say he wants to send you to a urologist, a gynecologist or a marriage counselor — and take his advice if he does so. There may be occasions when you



"Now why don't you ask my opinion of politicians asking stupid questions?"

yourself will decide it is a good going to your usual doctor with a sexual problem and that you might make a temporary change. You may never feel completely at ease with him, even when discussing something far removed from sex. Or you may find yourself in quite the opposite situation. You may have one of the finest general practitioners in town. He has always been a great friend and counselor. And now it has reached the point where you almost know one another too well. In this case you may find it easier to discuss intimate matters with a complete stranger and it may be a good idea to change doctors temporarily. Men may decide to seek out a urologist, women a gynecologist. Or either sex may feel the need for psychoanalysis without knowing how to go about getting it.

If you live in a large metropolitan area put in a call to the nearest university hospital and ask for the secretary of the head of the department of psychiatry. Tell her you are anxious to have some serious counseling and could the only way to a reliable doctor or marriage counselor. You can use the same approach with any large hospital. Patients in a small town don't find it so easy to obtain help, but it is worth trying to see talking the nearest large hospital even if it means traveling a long distance for an appointment of your problem. With sexual difficulties, as with other medical matters, it always pays to find the best advice, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience.

There is another situation that calls for a change of doctors. Let us say you are a woman in your middle years and you are bothered by hot flashes, occasional cold spells, pins and needles sensations in your hands, difficulty in sleeping, and perhaps painful intercourse. But your doctor just smiles and says "It's only the menopause. Just grin and bear it for an other year or so and everything will settle down." You can ask him whether you wouldn't benefit from a course of estrogen treatment, but he will probably reply "No, I don't believe in estrogen. It's not of these potent hormones. You're better to let nature take its course."

It is then time to try someone else. Don't try to change your own doctor's mind; it won't work. Look out another doctor, but before making your appointment ask him how the physician's estrogen hormone you don't want to start his use if he approves it. Your chance will be better if you consult a gynecologist because more gynecologists than general practitioners are conversant of the value of estrogen treatment. The point is to keep trying; you will always find a doctor who does prescribe estrogen and your problems will very likely be a thing of the past.

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BOOZY SADDLES

A tale of two-fisted cowboys, wild cayuses, little dogies and flat beer

BY AL PURDY

My friend Tom Howe and I left Vancouver for Anish Lake in the Chilcats in early June, driving his father's nearly-new, three-quarter ton, pickup truck. Tom is a writer and photographer who worked on a Chilcat ranch two years ago. He was referring there, as I was, to write about the annual three-day rodeo.

The 400 miles or so to Williams Lake is good highway despite the loops and twists of Half's Guts and the Fraser Canyon. Some 200 miles from Vancouver the monster snow-capped mountains become more gentle, almost barren of trees, and brown from lack of rain in the semi-desert BC interior. Above Cache Creek comes Cariboo country, with cattle ranges reaching all the way north to Prince George. We stop for gas at 100 Mile House, I once wrote a poem about this town which certainly nobody in the community has heard of.

We reach Williams Lake on the evening of the first day. Next morning we buy some beer, and then we drive west into the Chilcats. The first 30 miles are paved as a come-on for tourists, the remainder, a mythical distance to Anishew, seems according to what you ask for directions (Reminds me of the Khyber Pass or maybe just a place where road builders moved all rocks into the middle of the road.) Tom drives around 30 mph, then down to 20, even 10, sometimes.

"Migod, Tom, if it's really 200 miles we won't get there all snow falls at the rate."

"You what, dog?"

"Tom, you know you wouldn't trust me to drive your dad's truck."

"Then shaddup!" So we have a beer, but it's getting a little flat, now because the beer bubbles were burst by bumps in the road. "Hold on," Tom says, and has the truck up to 50. All I can feel at that speed is soothing rhythm, like some on-foot gal was giving me.

spine a hard rub-down as a Yonge Street massage parlor.

Secret crossing the Fraser for the umpteenth and last time, we have entered an angrier — cattle country — remote from even the remote Cariboo. No towns, only clusters of six or a dozen houses, the chert here comes but they all look alike.

High mountains are returning, shrouded with snow; the Coast Range Blue lakes spring up with every curve in the road, occasional cowboys stop around in the increasing grassland areas I want to open the window and yell "Hi podner," but refrain because of the dust.

Fifty miles ahead is Anishew Lake (named for a Chilcat Indian chief). A hundred miles further or through a pass in the Coast Range at the Pacific Coast, and the town of Bella Coola, and the rock where the explorer Mackenzie scribbled "Alexander Mackenzie, found Canada by land."

The beer is flat by Anishew — definitely and unequivocally. But we can't waste it, being unsure of where to get a further supply I check into Anishew's one motel, and Tom takes his tent and camping equipment to the rocky grounds and sets up shop. Then both of us go our separate, exploring ways.

Anishew is a village of fewer than 200 people. The stampede grounds and pickup jangle around it are fringed with jeeps, trucks, campers, jeeps.

Al Purdy is a poet and free-lance writer, and a frequent contributor to Maclean's.



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There are sometimes knifings and robberies. Fights are commonplace. At the Williams Lake stampede five people died

up and train. While less glamorous in green clappings, complete cradle at night. More than 1,000 people are expected. The race, Chilcotin Indian rodeo has arrived from its annual bonfire party of booze and laughter. Carter Indian, called "Sticks" derisively by the white Chilcotins, are also in attendance. Everyone is being panned or skinned, panned with acorns, vodka, gas, wine and beer and on the local variety of poison called "Sticks. Mountain Fog" (said to have occurred more fatalities than the late Indian war). Carl, the governor at nearby Nampa Lake, has 300 cases of beer.

The rodeo in Anahim is more than a game. It's a bonding of necessary but gross cowboy skills, the players are re-creating the daily events of their lives. Calf and steer-roping and horse-herding are basic cowboy activities of the big Chilcotin and Cariboo ranches. But beyond that it's an occasion where old friends (who may not have seen each other for months) gather to gossip, drink and discuss the business of living. And for three days in early June nearly everyone gets gloriously drunk in one big whoop-up, a concentrated and deliberate undoing of sobriety.

Sometimes the Moose corporal in charge of order calls out: there are knifings and robberies, fights are commonplace. At the Williams Lake Stampede five people died this year. But it's history to add: "Three of the deaths were from natural causes."

The stampede ground roughly resembles a football field, it's a kind of oblong arena bordered with flimsy grey dirt. 150 yards long but not quite that wide, fenced with indolgent pine. Spectators—mostly Indian—sit on people—perch along the fence or peer through

railings. Mooses crowd the perimeter differently, hopefully, in any trouble.

In a high tower above the cattle chutes Slim Redmond, an first and 300 pounds of 30-year-old cowboy in the 19s, announces: He sounds like a crier at a barn dance. When a calf is reluctant to leave the chute, Slim bellows: "Crunk his tail a little."

A brown calf bursts from Chute No. 2, maybe 300 pounds of wool on the hoof. George Palmer's hands after him. Grey dust explodes in a moving dust. The big calf is ahead of him. The cowboy disappears entirely, then reappears, his rope making out to swing the weaving terrified head. Rapidly securing one end of the rope so the middle he dums and follows the rope behind-over-hand to the brown calf.

Then it's a swift swinging march. The idea is to get that calf down quickly and aim around his neck the other, reaching his front leg. But the calf is reluctant. "That there's a strong calf," Slim says. He says that George manages. Front and hind legs are roped together and Palmer's hands like an actor, arms thrown wide to take a bow from the first-day audience. The drama comes only 10 seconds.

A fine grey dirt begins to settle over everything. And everybody, Indian, white, Mooses, the best Chilcotin men anguished under attempts and over footholds and the sweat streaks patterns in the dust. After a while you can wait down.

Bareback riding looks most dangerous to me. Broncs are chosen on the basis of being the most cantankerous of the most cantankerous. The cantankerous animal is supposed to be ridden for eight seconds. William Bely he doesn't last that long, he flies upward and

downward at such speed that when he lands, the dust bomb obscures him for a period longer than the ride itself. I think no wonder these broncs are slightly terrifying, the way they're mounted in the chutes, they stand in the passageway narrow enough to keep them from turning to look, or stick those strong yellow teeth into a rider. It did see one try to turn around in that passageway. He got stuck.

Dave Lewis comes from the lunching pad of Chute No. 3 on a horse called Drifter who doesn't drift much. He keeps trying to kick the can with both hind legs, almost manages. He is in a space of eight seconds Drifter scrapes his rider up and out the fence, rocks forward and backward, darts out stands on his head, bucks, flails and does some upside-down spins for good measure. It's not some wild flailing means, but the horse knows it.

Lewis gets taken off by another mounted cowboy in full flight. He's down his right long seconds. Drifter remains in other arms he gets chucked into the corral where he stands shuddering, and bleats alone.

Cow milking is next, now there's something indicative about grown men trying to milk a range cow, stand still long enough to squeeze a five-dying drop of milk into a beer bottle.

Calf-roping again. Wes Jasper comes, leaving the flying mare with his line can, but produces a reserve rope and scores a eighth. His time is long, but there's some satisfaction in just having completely acquainted with your girl watching.

Chilcotin and whites, and maybe a few of the blacks, drink beer in the Bookman's Hall. The Indians tend to be in little groups off by themselves, but not entirely so. Some mix with the ranchers and cowboys, old friendships exclude racial prejudice. I drink beer with Tom Howe, senior Kamloops rancher, a rancher and his wife and an Indian named Marvin Paul. Marvin is an artist, he's just spent three weeks carving a small, ornate pole, for which he accepted four dollars. He is slightly drunk and he shows me a pencil sketch of himself and I give him five bucks for it. I feel virtuous.

Returning from the proxy, I notice an old Indian sleeping beside the steps. His face is carved black walnut and he might have passed for some of Paul Kane's 19th-century paintings. There's a western blackhead sitting in the roof's overhang, sheltered by all the noise doing noise in blackhead things inside the hall. I

"My Maytag has washed for as many as 10 boarders in addition to my family," writes Mrs. McKenna.



From Photos 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

"Often over the past seven years, I have done 20 heavy loads in one day."

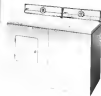
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"We have a family of five children and two adults, and over the past seven years, we have had as many as 10 boarders at one time," says Mrs. Amy McKenna, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

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"I like it, but I want you (they) to be ready for it yet."

Slim was choking on something so Ben saved his life by whomping him on the back. Slim got mad and wanted to fight

say the fight to Marvin Pail (who is pretty far gone by now) that with the reds' Social Credit MLA and the boys led by Ben Belanger, one of the sides judges.

Only cowboys, Indians and a few others have a ready-made mythology with which to identify. They love the movies of John Wayne and Gary Cooper. They know to country and western music, precisely, standing to attention when Will Cullen sings *Oh, Tired Cowboys*. And that they are real-life cowboys and real-life cowboys work hard and long.

And the Indian cowboys have the additional picturesque of being Indians. With a name like William Billy Ray or Sundayman Lashaway, you have a right if it weren't for the title-honorary, I'd much rather be Sundayman Lashaway than Al Purdy.

Parahand Phillips, a local oil-rigger with honed legs and back, is something more than a cheerful horseman. He figures prominently in all of Rich Hobson's three books, but mainly in *Gene and Roy: The Movie*. He's 61, came here from the U.S. with Hobson in the mid-Thirties. The two men went out with pickaxes in search of goldfields. Sixty miles north of Anahim, poring through basaltic lava, a small opening in the Alga Mountains, they saw the beginnings of a young country that furnished not even an occasional bunch of four million acres. Those high plateaus belonged to the crown, and were then available at a dollar or so an acre. Four million dollars. But you didn't need to lay all that cash out at the goldfield. Anyway, the two men discovered the grass beyond the mountains, in high pine country unknown to white men, surrounded by a full green parkland world stretching more than 1,000 miles from

the final parallel to the Arctic tundra. Talking with Parahand Phillips is experiencing an ache from the Hobson book. It means there are only three green in the Anahim country. Parahand says, "People don't die up here very often." Then he looks at me out of an eye's corner to see how I'm reading.

We have some trouble in finding the 10-foot-by-eight-foot cabin. Parahand and his partner built it in the Thirties, then abandoned quickly when the slow steady nearly asphyxiated them. It sits motionless and rotting in the shared landscape and must have given him an odd feeling, that being the first time he's returned to the site. He says, "You don't get lost in this country, you just get kinda confused for two weeks." I am a bit wary at this point, anticipating another picturesque remark. He knows I'm wary. He keeps me waiting.

On Sunday night, Slim Luckcock, the sodas announcer, got something stuck in his throat while mixing supper. His good friend Ben Belanger found him choking for his life near their camp where whomped him lifted on the back to head Slim got mad and wanted to fight. But instead he went to the hospital, blowing a little but unable to express proper indignation. Ben took over the sodas announcing job Sunday, the day 80, 12 and 14-year-old cowboys replaced the adults. There was this little black dog that kept tapping after the arena livestock. After enduring the day's festivities, Ben announced calmly, "That dog ain't helping the cowboys at all. If he doesn't leave, I'll go in and hit him off—right behind the ears!"

Ben came to the Chikara from Burren, Ontario, when he was 18, and worked as cowboy and farm boy, he's a scrapper, star-hopped with the

dered man. Several years ago Ben decided he wanted to be a writer, taught himself to string words together, then wrote for the *Kimbo Daily News*. But writing's only one of his interests; the other is to find a green spread of high grasslands, the same way Parahand Phillips and Rich Hobson did 40 years ago. But there isn't much good fresh country left now, what with the acres of people farm outside. Ben has often taken a pickaxe into the mountains over the past 12 years. He's lived on fish and bannock for up to three years. He wants to own a ranch. "You know start out with a milk cow so the cow look after her calves and gradually build up a beef herd."

Despite Ben Belanger's capabilities, it seems doubtful he'll ever attain ownership of his dream ranch. In Victoria, the government has frozen sales of all crown land, meaning that only 15 of BC's total acre is available land. It wants to take a good look even at cattle grazing land before it's sold cheaply. Several years ago on one of his pickaxe expeditions, Ben located 1,000 acres of promising land and saved two seasons to investigate water and grow potential. When he applied to Victoria for the right to purchase, he was turned down. And this was long before the land freeze. Every time he has applied during the past 12 years, exactly the same thing has happened: not always a flat no, but no, nonetheless.

"I'm not the only one," he says grumpy. "A friend of mine, Kim Karris, owned 350 acres of crown land some time back. The government sold him to go ahead with improvements, so he started some meadows, built a cabin, bought a Cat, spent quite a chunk of money. Then they raised his lease fee 800% and finally took the land away from him altogether. Ken went to Victoria, signed mead and got thrown out of the Parliament Buildings."

Ben is defiant about the whole situation. He is now acquiring a new land, one Redmond and doesn't care who knows it.

Last day of the rodeo was Sunday, with Ben Belanger announcing. Jack Palmer won the \$300 saddle as best all-around cowboy, the most prestigious award. On Monday morning the climactic grounds were deserted, due finally to rain once more. Parahand Phillips, Lester Dorsey and William Billy Ray have gone back to uphold meadows to cut their hay. It's an almost empty world, bright sun shining, the lichen and Alga irreplaceable and distant.



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ROOM AT THE INNS



Welcome, stranger, to the culinary delights of the Eastern Townships

By BETTY GUERNSEY

The rest of Canada has a hard time understanding the importance of food to Quebecers, be they English or French speaking. But the fact is we will drive miles and miles, often well out of the way, for a fantastic meal or to stay at some obscure country inn with a world-of-mouth reputation for great cuisine.

And, interestingly (because the area has an image of Wapiti Anglo-American dominance — and therefore supposedly, bland and uninspired meals) a number of these great inns are found in the Eastern Townships.

One you might easily miss is the Shaggy Dog Inn, surrounded by 14 acres of incredibly beautiful countryside between South Bolton and Miramichi as you head north toward the Vermont border. The inn itself, spacious and simply and full of vinegars and cobblestones, was built by a United Empire Loyalist named Green in 1788.

In more recent times it was called the Spring Valley Inn — until a Scotman named Marshall Hamilton, who had built a Shaggy dog and remembrance of British country inn, bought it just after World War II. He converted it into a pub-cum-country hotel. One day in 1970 he decided to sell the Shaggy Dog to

Ross and Eva Barnett, who owned a farm at nearby Sutton which they ran as a weekend guesthouse for decades. Ross cooked breakfast, Eva the rest of the menu. Almost before they knew what was happening, the Barnetts, along with their two dogs, two cats, tank of goldfish and one (who is ready to become a chef, which is fitting) had taken over the Shaggy Dog. Ross still cooks the breakfast and Eva, one of a family of 13 from the Gaspé, still cooks the rest of the menu. Every Sunday the year-round fixtures Eva's superb roast beef dinner, which has people coming down far and wide — for that, and her sister's recipe for pea ("My mother's recipe and I won't divulge the secret to anyone"). Ross's specialty is duck — his own recipe, which if prepared he just might divulge. I should add that for a tiny country inn the Shaggy Dog has an exceptionally good wine list, which includes champagne. It also has a swimming pool, tennis courts, a heated pond, deer who come to the door, herds of all feather and woolly and miles of country lanes and trails. I've never stayed there in the summer, but I'll over do it'll take my bicycle along.

Another of my favorites is the Au-

brige de la Lusterne on the east side of Lake Memphrémagog just south of Magog. The Lusterne has become well-known for its food, so much so that most people don't realize it has guest rooms upstairs and an adjacent motel — a tribute to its unobtrusiveness.

It shows a road with a line of impressive private houses and estates. Indeed, 80 years ago the Lusterne was not the Lusterne but the summer home of a Colonel Ross. When his daughter married, he handed over the house down to the lake, added a fountain and a wishing well, and presented every wedding guest with a crystal glass engraved with the initials of the bride and groom. The well and fountain are still there, along with a beautiful sandy beach, which is just feet from swimming and sailing.

The house became an inn after the colonel's death, and changed hands a number of times. It is owned now by three partners, an unlikely combination of a French Canadian, an Irish and a German. (The gorgeous color photographs in the dining room and breakfast nook are the work of the Quebec par-

Betty Guernsey is a Montreal food and travel writer and artist.

At the turn of the century, the Townships were a favorite summer place for U.S. southerners, who arrived replete with black servants.

[illegible]

The monastery and its setting in St. Benoît-du-Lac, one of the most scenic spots in the whole of the world, is an event in itself: well worth a side trip. You can stay there for a weekend or even for a week's retreat (baths for the monks), and the best time to do so is during the summer months when the setting is lush-green and pastoral. Or you can stop by in the late morning or late afternoon for the Gregorian masses in the chapel, and dine with the monks. No matter how you handle it, be sure to take home a chunk of that rightfully famed blue cheese.

For more sumptuous accommodations, there is North Hatley's Honey Manor, which overlooks Lake Massawippi, whose water is completely acidified. (Honey's Honey Manor has

stronghold, history, fancy rooms and as a bonus, a haunted clock. It was originally the summer home of Henry Atkinson of Atlanta, Georgia — one of those Confederates who, along with the Loyalists, the French, and nearby New England, gave the Townships their peculiar flavor.

A great many southerners, from Georgia, Alabama, Maryland and Virginia especially, established summer residences around Lake Massawippi in the turn of the century. (It was said, in fact, that their hatred of the Yankees remained so strong that when their trains passed through New England, they would draw the blinds.)

In 1900 Henry Alderson built what was to become Hovey Manor as an almost exact replica of George Washington's Mount Vernon home: a white, colonial-style mansion. In the dining room, as first you can see a portrait of

Wendegren painted in glass. It is 150 years old and belonged to the original house. Every summer the Atkinson family arrived in North Haley as two private railway cars with 18 black and white and 10 horses and carriages. This was fairly typical of the lifestyle of the North Haley summer people at that time. Eventually Atkinson's descendants lost interest in the property and it was bought 25 years ago by Bob Brown of Montreal, whose father founded Cerefields. Brown was one of the pioneers in the Canadian advertising industry.

The house was renamed Hovey Manor in honor of Captain Ebenezer Hovey, a Loyalist from Vermont and one of the first settlers of North Haverhill and his wife, Beary (a North Haverhill) redecorated every room from

their own collection of Quebec antiques, which makes for a memorable stay.

There are other compelling reasons why the Saturday night, week party dance which your choice of home, fancy restaurant, disco, or New York can be done over the fire in the former country home. All the most comes from Nicholas in Louisville and any Eastern Townspeople will tell you just how great that is. Not only that, but the main thing is an extra week for added interest. On top of that, if you catch fish or bag game (in season of course) the owner's kitchen will sometimes cook it for your dinner, or even dress and freeze it for you to take home.

And then there's the clock!
How one would imagine that a place like Holey would have no share of ghosts — the spent of a departed servant wandering through the lower floors as maybe old Ebenezer himself, strolling through the aisles of where he is in the full of the moon. Conventional ghosts. But no, the Holey ghost lives in a clock, a Gothic-style 80-day clock using up an 18th-century diamond-pointed Quebec pine armature in the reclusive lobby. And it is not a Lying ghost or a sounder ghost or a Black ghost.

"Ordinarily," Bob Brown said to me one morning after breakfast and seven cups of coffee, "that clock never chimes. But all I have to do is mention the name of *Plumery leBaron* — one of the village's original inhabitants and something of a character, he went around in a sarong suit in the townships — and within a few minutes it starts to chime violently."

Five minutes later the clock chimed
violently. 'So help me!'



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Last Spring I took 20 kids to the Arctic and we lived as the Eskimos did. We ate Caribou, hunted on the tundra everywhere.

I carried my Pentax all the time depending on the meter as the meter was reading. And granted, there's very little contrast—everything's white or blue. But the exposures were perfect all the way through. If I had carried the light meter with me, which I used to do with my previous camera, I don't think it would have been any help.

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A SMALL HAND FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

Applause for Jack Munroe, the Cape Bretoner who whipped Jim Jeffries

By HARRY BRUCE

The odds are better than excellent that even if you're a breathlessly hot supporter in the game of Sports Trivia, you have never even heard of the great Jack Munroe. For Jack (The Terrible Man) Munroe — one of Men of War Point, Kemps Head, Baiter Cove, which is near Baddeck on Cape Breton Island — is one of the most undervalued boxing names in the whole history of Canadian sports.

In 1902, he stepped out of a Montreal boxing camp and coolly beat up the heavyweight champion of the day, none other than The Bomber himself, the "unbeatable" Californian, Grizzly Jim Jeffries. And in 1905, he taught Jack (Old Arthur) Johnson a workout down Not Pleased, editor of *The Ring Boxing Encyclopedia And Record Book* — and, therefore, the undisputed world's champion in the boxing sector of Sports Trivia — regards Jack Johnson as the best fighter in the history of heavyweight and Jim Jeffries is second only to Johnson.

A lot of Sports Trivia authorities regard the sum of the victory as the golden age of heavyweight prizefighting, as a time when the per capita number of lacerations, bruises, in the ring reached an all-time high and right in the thick of this strange preponderance of arduous talent, the Terrible Man managed to parlay a comparatively ruthless right-hand punch into a reputation that swept the continent.

In Munroe's time, professional prizefighting was still illegal almost everywhere in North America and over the whole "sport" then still hung the bloody vestige aroma of the bad, old backstreet days of eye-popping, arm-breaking, neck-chopping, ear-melting, groin-slashing and snappy kicks to delicate elbows, ears in ribs and trunk pain.

So how did a tiny, poor boy from God-fearing Cape Breton Island end up as a North American celebrity in the regularly violent business?

The answer comes partly from Donald Kerr, a good lawyer in Halifax, the



champion of the Halifax Athletic Commission, an incredible addict of boxing trivia himself, and as it happens a man with remote blood connections to the Terrible Man. Kerr's family knew the bones of the story, and he fleshed it out by reading 71-year-old newspaper

Munroe, apparently, was one of a

dozen Cape Breton Islanders who headed west in 1901 to mine copper in Montana and on December 19, 1902, a bunch of the boys were whooping it up in Butte. The great Jim Jeffries and the almost-as-great Bob Fitzsimmons, the champ and ex-champ, were in town too. They'd been boxing since 1890

Canadians enjoyed the taste of Hudson's Bay when gold was discovered in the Klondike.



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A sign of good spirits since 1670.

Munroe went off to fight World War I with a collier named Bobby Burns at his side, and a double-bitted axe on his shoulder

misadventure. The idea was that any man who could link four rounds with Jeffries or Fitzsimmons would get \$500, and it was an indication of just how tough the prize was that until that moment, no challenger had lasted more than two rounds. The Misadventure stepped into the ring. The fighter was not exactly a Munroe. He was two-and-a-half inches taller, 220 pounds with a black mat of hair on his head. He was 27. Underneath The look-alike man of his time. His reputation was one of God-like immortality. The referees looked at him. No one stepped forward.

Then they pushed Munroe up front and he climbed into the ring. Kneeling before him, until the moment Munroe had never lost eyes on boxing gloves, and since they'd been in use only a few years the story may be true. The ring record book says that when Munroe met Jeffries the Terrible Man had already won seven professional fights. Five by knockout, but Barry's records indicate that the winner of those earlier battles may well have been another Jack Munroe.

In any event, Cape Boston Jack Munroe stepped to his war, and stepped to the scene of the fight. He was a comparatively young 185-pounder, and three weeks after that, he beat Tom Sharkey in six rounds and Sharkey, as some of the Sports Trivia authorities will know, was one of the greatest heavyweight of all time who never lost the title. For almost two years the night in June remained the one shadow on Jeffries' record and, in the summer of 1904, he decided that he could no longer avoid a rematch with Munroe for the title.

Shortly before the fight the press reported that Munroe was wearing 15 new eggs for breakfast. His trainers were Kid McCoy, the middleweight champion, and Jack "Burr" Sullivan, who was later one of the top light heavyweight. At fight time, those two would be joined as the Munroe corner by none other than William Barclay "Doc" Macintosh. In *The Legendary Champions*, Rex Lauder describes Munroe's in the generally calm, frost-bitten New York street market, where other bull-fighters' Army sons' third gun being refused and promoter news-papers and theatrical impresarios — one of the more versatile Americans who ever lived.



"Personally I think we should give it to the man."

picked up the story from the Boston press: the rest of the fight assumed to be "the hottest four rounds that Jeffries had ever fought."

In the second round, Munroe hit Jeffries with three successive rights in the jaw. The referee was not exactly a Munroe. He was on his feet and by the third round he was throwing Jeffries around the ring and drawing punches so hard that three times he fell down himself. It may well have been the final fall. The referee, Jeffries from the guardable ambiguity of allowing a knockout at the hands of a nobody. No one who saw the fight could doubt the referee's decision that the most had indeed given the heavyweight champion of the world a final round and some heavyweights who lived in those days had their reputations on the line every time they stepped into a ring. Munroe's most passionate supporter insisted he was now the champ.

Eleven days later the Terrible Man appeared at a vaudeville performance called *Road to Rio*. In November 1903 he knocked out the former British champion, Peter Maher, in four rounds. A month after that he was punched by Al Lester, the Number Two contender, again in four rounds. And a few weeks after that, he beat Tom Sharkey in six rounds and Sharkey, as some of the Sports Trivia authorities will know, was one of the greatest heavyweight of all time who never lost the title. For almost two years the night in June remained the one shadow on Jeffries' record and, in the summer of 1904, he decided that he could no longer avoid a rematch with Munroe for the title.

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stood the floor with the suddenly silent, noble man. The night Munroe squares on the jaw with the first blow of the fight, with his most powerful punch, a swinging left bell blow. Munroe barely managed to get back as his left Jeffries kept hammering these straight rights into him and looking the terrible left and though Munroe did survive to the second round, the press reported that he was already a "bloody, beaten man of humanity." He was not standing when the referee stepped in to fight.

Munroe did not seem to have been the sort of man who let his defeat lie heavily on his shoulders. In 1905 he beat Kid McCoy in 10 rounds and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in 15. Moreover, this was the year he fought in a curious duel with the coming king of the heavyweights, Jack Johnson.

Years later, Munroe turned up as a prospector and lumberman at a place called Nybblick Lake in Northern Ontario, later called Prince Rupert, as Canada's first lumbering boom in World War I broke out and during training and misadventure he earned his double-bitted axe. Bobby Burns was also with him every time.

Bobbie Burns was a big, fighting collier dog, dark black with a white spot on the side of the famous Douglas Black of Scotland, a dog to Munroe from a president of Mexico and a creature of fantasy, in reality, to his owner. The Princes Rupert was advised that Bobby died at their door, and it is probably that Jack Munroe — who killed at least one German soldier with his double-bitted axe — and Jack Munroe's dog were the two most colorful characters in the region.

Munroe, enlisted as a private, rose through the ranks was commended in the trenches. He took a sniper's bullet that hit him harder than anything Jeffries ever threw at him. It entered his right breast and came out below his shoulder blade. It nearly killed him but in the end, only his right arm. The old boxing man still.

He won the Military Cross and when he got back home the Toronto Humans Society honored him. He returned to prospecting in Northern Ontario, took a fortune, wrote a novel based on his war experiences and in February of 1942 died in Toronto at the age of 67. And this soldier and prospector is nearly who Jack Munroe was. May 1. Jack's was a common man, an American from across participation in Sports Trivia? You see I've always felt that it's a nice heavyweight champion who knows how to step down.

STUNTY JUMP PERFORMERS
In the early and late 19th century, stunt jumps were performed by men and women. The first stunt jump was performed by a man named John J. Parnell. He was a circus performer and he performed stunts for the circus. He was a very famous stunt performer and he performed many stunts. He was a very famous stunt performer and he performed many stunts.

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PLEASE NOTE that weekend program times are subject to change and all programs are based on last year's schedule. For the most information about evening programs on CBC and TV, you can find each weekly program page before THE WORLD AT NIGHT and THE WORLD AT NIGHT. Please check your daily newspaper for other CBC Radio highlights and links.

<p>CBC STATIONS 100 Calgary 101 Edmonton 102 Vancouver 103 Kelowna 104 Victoria 105 Nanaimo 106 Seattle 107 Portland 108 Boise 109 Reno 110 Sacramento 111 San Francisco 112 Los Angeles 113 San Diego 114 San Jose 115 San Francisco 116 San Francisco 117 San Francisco 118 San Francisco 119 San Francisco 120 San Francisco</p>	<p>CBC STATIONS 121 Vancouver 122 Vancouver 123 Vancouver 124 Vancouver 125 Vancouver 126 Vancouver 127 Vancouver 128 Vancouver 129 Vancouver 130 Vancouver 131 Vancouver 132 Vancouver 133 Vancouver 134 Vancouver 135 Vancouver 136 Vancouver 137 Vancouver 138 Vancouver 139 Vancouver 140 Vancouver</p>	<p>CBC STATIONS 141 Vancouver 142 Vancouver 143 Vancouver 144 Vancouver 145 Vancouver 146 Vancouver 147 Vancouver 148 Vancouver 149 Vancouver 150 Vancouver 151 Vancouver 152 Vancouver 153 Vancouver 154 Vancouver 155 Vancouver 156 Vancouver 157 Vancouver 158 Vancouver 159 Vancouver 160 Vancouver</p>	<p>CBC STATIONS 161 Vancouver 162 Vancouver 163 Vancouver 164 Vancouver 165 Vancouver 166 Vancouver 167 Vancouver 168 Vancouver 169 Vancouver 170 Vancouver 171 Vancouver 172 Vancouver 173 Vancouver 174 Vancouver 175 Vancouver 176 Vancouver 177 Vancouver 178 Vancouver 179 Vancouver 180 Vancouver</p>
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THE BUMS OF SUMMER

By John Robertson

Someone asked me the other day to name the best season the Montreal Expos have ever had in their seven-year tenure in the National League.

"Worse," I said.

The Expos have been called the most promising team in baseball. Every year they keep promising to soar to stardom by winning in many games in they lose — and with occasional consistency they have failed seven times in succession.

Undeclared, this winter they made another series of trades, acquiring a wealth of insurance in return for proven winners. Since their inception, their team motto seems to have been: Turn the hand of the opponent.

They traded away pitcher Mike Timmer, a savvy, six-foot-five right-hander who looks like Rocky Balboa and throws the ball like Dora Day.

They traded away first-foisted centre fielder Willie Davis who could, in baseball vernacular, "really go get 'em."

Trouble was, once Willie got there, he couldn't find 'em. They traded away outfielder Ken Singleton who hit more than adequately but led the league in occasional crashes of restraint fly balls. He once had the audacity to charge a low drive only to have it hit him squarely between the eyes, prompting one coach to say, "I told Keney never to take his eye off the ball, but this is ridiculous."

They traded away veteran outfielder Ben Fardy, one of their heaviest hitters. Trouble was, he just kept getting heavier until he was to fall down chasing ground balls and rock himself to sleep trying to get up.

Shortly before the 1974 season ended, the Expos also dumped veteran second baseman Roy White, who leads the division record of being hit by more pitched balls than any major-league alive. In 1972, he was hit 30 times in one season. Some hitters are used to getting "good wood" on the ball. Roy, by contrast, always managed to get good flesh on the ball when the stars assailed it him. Former New York Mets pitcher Harvey Pinder, after drilling White in the ribs and watching him trot clearly to first base without even wincing, once grumbled to me afterward in the clubhouse: "I think the son-of-a-bitch drinks rooster."

As limited as all these ventures were, they at least gave the Expos a veneer of respectability. In fact, in 1973, they even crossed the dubious line of being a pennant contender, nearly because they were fortunate enough to be playing in the National League "East" Division. To show you to what depths of mediocrity the division sank this year, the Expos finished four games under 500 with a 79-83 record and were still in contention on the final day of the season.

But last year, reality reared its head, karmic hand, and the Expos fell from the pedestal almost into the abyss, thanks to the chagrin of the inhabitants of Jarry Park, baseball's largest belching outdoor fume system. Actually, Expo fans are as animal as any others. If you ignore the guy who jumps his pet duck to the park on a leash, the danger who enters fans between innings by sneaking up and down the



bases doing a cross between a truck and wong and the usual ash puffs, and the fiddler on the roof of the Expo dogmat who plays Bob Dylan's "You Don't Have to Go Home."

Baley is the only Expo original remaining from the hospital class of '68, playing third base last year in an effort that convinced us make the referee ground ball contact. Manager Gene Mauch has threatened to platoon him this year, perfectly with the Canadian forces in Cyprus.

Still the best pro the Expos have, Baley is a writer of what the Expo hierarchy calls Phase Two — a youth movement which is a direct third time that Morrison adjoins city, being too young. For example, Mauch intends to use it at third with 21-year-old Larry Parrish, which means that either or both of them will be spending time at St. Ansel. Except this summer getting rope burns from the leads.

At shortstop will be 24-year-old Tim Fik, whose arm is so strong he can throw a water cooler the length of the dugout after striking out. Fik is a throwback. In fact, the Mets threw him back when he spent six entire night sleeping in the grass at short stop after making three errors in a game.

Second base is a conglomeration of inexperience starting with 21-year-old Pete Muskan, considered expendable by the Texas Rangers, Jimmy Cox, who finished last season with the Expos' triple A farm club at Newburgh, and Larry Lantz, who can run like an antelope. Unfortunately, Larry also bats and fields like an antelope. So you can see there is considerable depth at second — enough to bet to bury the Expos in the cellar.

Mike Liepinski at 26, is a fluster at first base, with the best glove in the major (a Wilson Wily McCovey model) which retails at \$39.95.

Barry Foote is a superb rookie catcher and the Expos have a lot of depth behind him. Some 3,000 season ticket holders in the box seats.

Then, also, in the outfield, Rookie Gary Carter, a converted catcher and Seventh-Day Adventist who has all the makings — which means he rolls his own — compared to his own major league on other teams.

In center, there is that perennial spring flower Pepe Marquis, up for the third try at age 22. Pete has returned confidence the past, based on the flimsy fact he leaves the Expos here on one day to play the position. His specialty is stalling home. And the Expos keep flying him back.

Left field is up for grabs, and the prime candidate is Baltimore Oriole cast-off Rick Cogan, who suffered from sophomore jinx last year. That's what the pitchers around the league find out what you can't hit.

Much's only claim to stardom this summer will be his picking staff, led by former Oriole Dave McNally, who won 16 games with the best defense in baseball behind him last year. Dave is an excellent fielding pitcher but the question is: can he cover all nine positions at once?

The Expo club is going to foot a lot of people. Especially the ones who play to get in.



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ALL IN THE (HOLY) FAMILY

By Philip Marchand

We live now living in the final age predicted by the Apostle Paul, when men will "pear soon on religion and follow their own godless lusts." It's tough to produce the gospel these days, particularly on television, which is a perfect medium for brushes and trivial amusements. But every Sunday, the reverends are in these pews, adding the Christian message to programs that seem so out of place on the TV screen as soon as a leading ally.

The best known of the Sunday personalities, even in Canada, are high-powered American evangelists such as Oral Roberts and Rex Humbard, traditional preachers with flowing robes and a robust, bourgeois presence. They offer a kind of instant service to viewers, the elderly and those too lethargic to attend a Sunday morning service at the church of their choice. But there is a newer breed of evangelist on the tube now whose programs are more slick than his with Christian overtones than actual religious services. *Martin's Helper*, for example, sponsored by World Evangelism, Inc., features each guest star as the Lennon Sisters and Della Reese, who perform while the Reverend Cerullo and his "Wall of trained counselors"—doctors, psychologists, spirit-filled Catholic priests—"talk to people who have urgent problems and have called *Martin's* for a little advice. A typical caller one morning identified himself as John and said he was troubled by guilt arising from a "sex crime" he had committed. Dr. Cerullo, on the air, led him in prayer asking God for forgiveness. When John hung up, relieved of the burden of his guilt at last, the studio audience burst into applause. Apparently no one on the program wonders about the ethics of leaving somebody from exactly without even ascertaining first he has something about the problem that caused it.

Our Canadian reverends don't produce shows as frank as Dr. Cerullo's counterparts. At their worst they seem to be harmless seances. Nives Miller, for example, does a program sponsored by something called the Senator Ericson Foundation out of Saint John, New Brunswick. Nives Miller looks like the kindest man on earth. He has a cheery smile and cheery Christian message and he will say, as he did on a recent program based on the general theme of death, such things as, "Now, if there's anyone listening who's thinking of giving up, of dying—don't!" Bill Prattard, on another one called *The Master's Touch*, provides over "Miracle Services" throughout Canada and speaks of a desire to "win Canada for Jesus" in no softer, suspiciously like Dennis Winters' in his old *Gunslinger* days.

The evangelical program that seems to have the most serious talent and the most thoughtful content of the bunch is a Canadian show called *Agape* ("Agape" is a Greek word for "lovely"). *Agape* is run by the Canadian members of the Billy Graham Team, most notably Billy Graham's associate evangelist, Dr. John Wesley White. Like most of the other religion programs it alternates screen talk with a few mixed interludes—in this case provided by George Be-



erly Shua, who sings such numbers as *There's no friend like the lovely Jesus*. Dr. White and psychiatrist Basil Jackson do most of the talking, seated in front of a smoking fire in a living-room set, very suggestive of close home life, discussing pertinent issues of the day. Dr. White has a disconcerting tendency to say things like "The ups-off from her speedy life had left her spent and spoiled!" referring to the *Sinners* episode in the New Testament but the message is more complex and interesting than other shows which suggest that, if you have a bad fight or a guilt complex, Jesus will take care of it for you.

All of these shows, however, *Compassion* or *American*, seem to have reduced Protestantism to its lowest common denominator. With the possible exception of Dr. Morris Cerullo's opus, they lack the spectacular vulgarity of evangelical prayer circuit preachers such as Marjorie or Elmer Gantry and that makes them less than interesting to watch. Their metaphor for Christian joy and peace seems to consist down to a field of posies and legions stretching off to infinity, or someone going into the still waters of Lake Louise in blissful solitude. And their answer to the problem of selling the gospel in this age of irreligion seems to be a portrayal of Jesus as a divine shoulder you can rest your head on. Someone who goes faster and more effective than Jesus. Aspects or imitations.

This approach has proven to be fairly successful. The Billy Graham Association provides the grubstake for *Agape*, which has a yearly budget of something like \$500,000, but Dr. White expects the program to support itself in another year or two from funds sent in by Canadian viewers. As in all of these shows, there is no direct soliciting of money on the air—only a reminder at the end of the program that all that is made possible by generous financial support from the viewers. Fund-raising is also carried on at "television rallies," where the evangelist makes his appeal to the faithful in sacrosanct areas throughout the country.

Whether *Agape* and other evangelical programs become self-supporting, or remain dependent on grants such as the Billy Graham Association or the Senator Ericson Foundation, doesn't really matter, I suppose. Some cynicism on these is obviously being reached, some hardy band of viewers who take it week after week, and it seems gradually unlikely that the television evangelists will ever be needed out of their Sunday turf.

WATCH: *Glennie Reno Special* (CBC—Friday, May 2, 9 p.m.) Reno is not for those who appreciate a subtle, refined voice but she is a strong, vibrant, down-to-earth performer capable of giving her audience a good show.

BEWARE: *Dr. Zank And The Zankies* (CBC—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4:30 p.m.) Whimsy, slapstick and force go into this anguished stew for children. This program is a truly, medicine-induced notion of what kids like

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SHAMPOO: THE PORN IS RAINWATER SOFT

By John Hofness

In every city it's the same story — Shampoo is a smash. It's so big that at the moment some Hollywood mogul in charge of sequels is probably begging producer, costar and star Warren Beatty (*above*) to make *Shampoo Part II* while some even faster-buck trend-spotter is dreaming up a low-budget spin-off (starring Sid Meiers) called *Crime After*.

Word of mouth is spreading so fast on *Shampoo* that practically everyone knows the story (set on the American dating day, November 5, 1968, in Beverly Hills) is about a young, virile housewife (Beatty) who does considerably more for his female customers (Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Lee Grant, among them) than wash, tear and blow their hair. There are three ways of playing such a story — good dirty fun (the way golden-age do, *Grass* comes mind), its play in which everyone ends up each other and a late war for having flirted with the sexual revolution, or — surprise! — there is the instant comic approach, so appropriate to the halcyon, untroubled months of southern California, expatriating back and forth between the pretenses of the East and the party of the second.

Shampoo opts for this latter course, which might be called the Cool B. De Mille formula (give 'em leering sex for real roots then hit with sleazy guilt and repentance in the teeth) in which ogres are always followed by nervous housewives and nervous contrite ones. As if it weren't enough that all the male cast up until the director disengaged and the sexualists surely chastened, they are further blamed for the election of Nixon-Agnew. Director Hal Ashby (*Harold and Maude*) Beatty and writer Robert Towns (Chatterbox), deciding to stink what the story is hot, keep feeding into their scenes of median couplings radio and television reports about America's two least wanted men, Trotsky Duck and Spore the Con. The implication is that people, especially men, materialize, shuff and sex-obsessed people such as those, get the political leaders they deserve. If the movie had another half-hour to develop its sociological ideas I'm sure it would end up advocating capital punishment for adultery.

It's a really radical idea that as social history the film is shedding and false (1968 was probably a watershed of political consciousness for millions of young people) or that there have been far worse and more vicious satires on both-class sexualization, the film version of Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Slane* (1970) for one, or that as social terms *Shampoo* is a *La Folie* First-Draft-after-natural. *Shampoo* has hit pay dirt because of its timing, not because of its originality or profundity. It's the perfect film for the growing conservatism of the 1980s, a profit-robbed force that talks tough, acts sophisticated but is scared stiff underneath.

The scene that gets the biggest head from the audience is one in which Julie Christie gets somewhat drunk at a formal dinner party held by Nixon supporter. When asked by a white-haired, wealthy Louisiana what she would like most in life because he and she will get her anything, she replies in a voice of show-stopping loudness that what she wants



most of all is to [blat Beatty's blimp] — sorry the magazine is mist G — and dress under the table to do just that. Okay, it's possibly funny but it's hardly a remarkable level of sexual revolution. I once knew a society who worked for a conservative business firm whose favorite trick was to get on a crowded elevator filled with pin-striped, stuffed shirts and say things like "Oh, my God, I forgot my diaphragm" just to watch the shocked blazes. And one can find them on *Dr. Fessel* (Linda Lovelace) to make companion. "Do you mind if I smoke while you eat?" are better examples of stinging language than anything found in *Shampoo*.

While leaving the theatre, I heard a man in his late twenties say to his date, "At last somebody has caught the whole thing." She nodded solemnly agreement. Personally, I thought the film in its lightest, sensuously erotic moments was more puffy and as an honest, man-made scenes was just flap-doodle. Listening to their conversation took me back to 1967 when other young couples were saying of Mike Nichols' *The Graduate* that it really knew "where things are at." Looking around for those same people today I find they've gone into insurance, real estate, advertising, teaching and the stock market, all the things they once ridiculed. So now along comes *Shampoo* to tell them that even sexual freedom is a meaningless drag and being as ripe for cropping out in the mid-1960s as they were for dropping out in the mid-1950s they live in unapologetic equation between both men being and democracy.

The people who made *Shampoo* and those who are its truest fans don't realize that what was wrong with the Sixties is that millions of middle-class young people adopted behavioristic ideas about sex, drugs, religion and politics for which they had no special gift or aptitude. Of course they made a mass of things and now they believe that the ideas failed them when in fact it was they who failed the ideas. All that *Shampoo* has to say, ultimately, is that behaviorism will never be as popular as bourgeois ones, and, oh yes, that Nixon and Agnew were not the ones. Now if I were to try and search for a word to describe those two notions "being" would not spring immediately to mind.

RECOMMENDED: *The Four Musketeers* was filmed at the same time with the same cast (Christian Marlin, Raquel Welch, Michael York, Geraldine Chaplin, among them) as *The Three Musketeers* (this is probably the only sequel in movie history that was made simply because everyone was having a ball). The film displays the high art of low budget — it's an infectious mixture of risibility and may cynicism.

BEWARE: *At Long Last Love* is my latest love. Bert Reynolds is no Fred Astaire, Cyndi Shephard is no Ginger Rogers and director Peter Bogdanovich is no Busby Berkeley. The *Cole Porter* music may say "It's the love!" but the movie as a whole is much closer to Betty Midler's favorite expression: "Baby it's the guts."

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**HAILEY MAY
NOT KNOW ART
BUT HE KNOWS
WHAT WE LIKE**

By Barbara Amiel

At a dinner party in Toronto back in 1971, co-Torontonian Arthur Hailey upped his St. Emilion wine and said, in a vague and pleasant way, that his next novel might "have something to do with banking, finance, credit cards." Hailey is a man of his word. The dinner party over, he jotted back to his Emmanus bookstore and charged to his manor. His muse (that's the idea Hailey was to work

A year of research, two years of writing (500 words per day and a quick dip in the pool) and he finished *The Monocloners* (Doubleday, \$18.95), a book that tells more than most of us thought we'd care to know about the superficial aspects of bankers. But Halley knows better.

The plot is a power struggle in a big American bank. The president has died and two men compete for his job. Roscoe Hayslip wants a fiscal policy geared to quick profits, while Alex Vandervoort wants a bank with a social conscience, storefront branches and long-term profit. The conclusion of the book is that everyone should balance his budget and save gold. It takes Huxley 472 pages of slick prose to arrive at the fiscal measures of a Turkish hutter.

Hailey has an uneasy air for not only yesterday's but tomorrow's clichés. Who would have thought back in 1978 when he started the book that money would become the nemesis of 1979? Even the fantasy is backdated. Multimillionaires own jet planes with bedrooms and delectable stewardesses who say things like "If there's anything you want, boss, I'm your number seven and I'll come."

And yet, and yet... My eldest poet husband settled down with anticipation to a new crop of High Lonesome and fell asleep. He picked up *The Abyssinians* for dutifully and stayed up reading it till 5 a.m. This seventh Huxley novel may well match the success of his other books (*Airport*, *Worlds*, *Whirls*, etc.). The reason, we perfectly clear.

Huxley writes books that you can neither praise nor stop reading. He makes blatant use of ancient literary devices such as plot, vengeance and doppelgänger. His characters are wooden, his dialogue halcyon, but you're dying to know what happens next. His book is, to use current lingo, "a good read."

On the other hand, to enjoy Sylvia Fraser's book, *The Candy Factory* (McClelland and Stewart, \$1.95), it helps if you share some of her interest in the more specialized forms of human sexuality such as consensualism and sodomy.

Her eleven chachamen all work together in the Ruston-Crofters factory. One of them, Mary Moon, is a sort of super Recording Angel, writing down the fate of everyone at her Special Accounts desk. At times, Mary Moon sits out of the factory hall, where she has huffed as self pity and the scent of crushed metal, to act as the Averaging Angel. She knows all the weaknesses and shameful details of her fellow workers and uses that secret knowledge to create disastrous situations when several bad co-workers to themselves and others. This, thanks Mary Moon, is the end to their soliloquy. She calls it a "program of model reforms, because actually," Mary Moon says, "I'm happy. She thinks to know it in fact."



The *Condy Factory* is Fraser's allegory about life and human relationships. And life at the factory is pretty grim. Every day is full of unpleasant bedrooms, boardrooms and bathroom misadventures. Speaking of her book Fraser says "It's sexy . . . It's dirty tomorrow."

[illegible]

The gamine world of Matt Cohen is a relief after the frenzy of Sylvia Posen's absolute nightmare. Cohen's characters are lighter to a fault. So much so that Leard Hebborn, the heroine of his new novel *Wooden Masters* (McColland and Stewart, \$5.95), complains to her boyfriend "I could sit you the world has ended and you wouldn't notice."

But there Cohen specializes in writing about people with little talent or aptitude for expressing themselves. His last novel, *The Questioner*, gave us the bleak, dreary lives of four generations of Ontario farmers. His new novel is about a young man and woman who opt out of city living in order to find themselves on a logging island off the coast of BC. Drinking and copulating with little joy, these people are the fallout from The Greatness of America crowd.

Chen opted out of life [as himself] in favor of a form (albeit with telephone and typewriter) but unlike his fictional characters he's so slouch with words it's all there in his writing: the snail of the manuscript itself, one day sitting monotonously into the next, the vague horticultural conversations of people playing at puns, and, in Johnny Tulip, one of the best portraits of a contemporary Indian.

It's a good book about people of no apparent value. "Sometimes I get nothing to do," says Laurel Hobson, but neither she nor her boyfriend seem to know why. Her boyfriend's friend suggests maybe the answer is in "Tivoli in a house with a vacuum cleaner and a color television set." The implication is that life in the city is a shallow existence, but it's hard to see what could be much sadder than this drinking, bragging and watching apathetically while the legging companions destroy the island and the Indians drink themselves to death.

The final test is would I assign a permanent place in my bookshelves to any of these three novels to stand beside, for example, Richard Wright's *The Night Land*. Robertson Brans' *FUN* Runner, Ray Smith's *Red Nelson Tavern* or David Mager's *Cashier*. Recently, no.



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BUT WHO IS WATCHING BIG BROTHER?



By Heather Robertson

Everybody likes Michael. He's a man's man, smart, aggressive, articulate, an outgoing, friendly, funny guy who loves sports, pop music and TV. He makes \$30,000 a year and has lots of free time to play basketball with his buddies and hang around at the track. He's the kind of man who knows how to talk to boys, joke around with them and make them laugh. Every weekend Michael spends a day with a partner, silent boy who answers every question with "yes" or "no," who never starts a conversation or expresses an opinion and who ends every visit with a polite "Thank you very much." "It's a bore," says Michael, discouraged. "You get to the point where you start to dislike him."

Michael is a Big Brother. For 16 months he has visited his Little Brother, Oliver, age 13, trying to be an advisor and friend to a boy whose father took off when he was six. Michael takes him to hockey games and movies, they play basketball and football, listen to records and just hang around. The relationship has never changed.

"It's like going on a date," says Michael. "I have to plan a big afternoon. I make all the suggestions. We do what I want to do. He never phones me, never asks me a question. If I keep my mouth shut he'll sit there all afternoon and not say a word. I'm not getting anywhere with him."

Michael has come to dread Saturday afternoons. He's trapped. Six weeks ago he landed with Oliver, and him he can't help and doesn't want. They didn't want to communicate. "Do you really want a Big Brother?" he asked him. It seems to me that if something's bothering him it's good to have an older guy he can call, someone he can count on to be there, someone he can look to for advice, for a good time. Trust is what it's all about. If you can't talk to an older guy, what's the point? Michael told Oliver to think about it and call him if he wanted to continue. He heard nothing for a month. Then Oliver's mother called, wondering where he'd been. Oliver was reasonable and throwing temper tantrums. Michael agreed to start seeing him again.

"I don't want to remove the kid up," he says. "He's already had one man who's left him. I don't want to put the boots to him. It's just. They've got you by the short gaiters."

Most Big Brothers go through a similar awkward period with their boys which lasts from six weeks to two years. Once a breakthrough is made, the relationship can be close and happy. But not all the Big Brothers hang in. In Michael's city more than half the relationships are "terminated" every year — boys grow up, mothers marry, Big Brothers move away or quit. "A kid told me his Big Brother had died," says Michael. "I figure it was just the kid's way of exploring to himself the fact that his Big Brother didn't show up any more."

Big Brothers is a generous charity. Each year it sits on the board of directors and volunteers. Based for 16 years in the annual fund-raising drive. Organized in New York in 1904, it is based on Victorian solemn obligation, the pairing of a respectable man with a fatherless boy for the purpose of keeping the boy out of trouble. Matches are made by social workers who try

to find men and boys with similar interests and compatible personalities, avoiding out homosexuals, adolescents and others whose personalities could be harmful. Big Brothers' motives vary — need for love, for a son, a sense of duty, challenge. As Michael puts it, "I had time on my hands and I was contributing nothing to the social welfare of the country." In his city, most of the Big Brothers are white, Anglo-Saxon salesmen and executives.

The Little Brothers are different. Most come from working-class families, most of their mothers make less than \$7,000 a year and many are on welfare. Little Brothers are more or less conscripted, troublemakers who are referred by schools, hospitals, welfare officers, the Children's Aid, police and the courts. "If a boy doesn't want a Big Brother he doesn't get one," says a social worker, "but he often finds it's the lesser of two evils instead of a probation officer or finishing school." A Big Brother is a status symbol in downtown neighborhoods, boys wait for years and are almost hysterical with excitement when they finally get one.

A trust kid who is suddenly befriended by a man of almost miraculous wealth, power and prestige is often overwhelmed by awe, ambition and greed. Al tells about taking his Little Brother out to buy fishing equipment. Stopping for an ice-cream cone he feels a tug at his sleeve and looks down to find the boy in tears. "You're my first Big Brother," whispers the boy, "and I don't want to lose you. If I do anything wrong, please tell me." A lot of Big Brothers get ripped off. "Don't buy your boy," the agency warns.

The Big Brothers organization is a movement founded on honesty, competition and absolute faith in the American Dream. Big and Little Brothers are encouraged to participate in bowling, tournaments, very low salaries and the high-pressure publicity campaigns of Big Brother Day and Big Brother Week. They're rewarded with trophies, prizes and even from Ronald McDonald. The boy who writes the best letter on "What My Big Brother Means To Me" wins a bicycle. It can be an artificial relationship.

The boys who make it, and a lot of them do, are the ones who realize their Big Brothers, who learn to adopt their habits, mannerisms and values and keep, as the Big Brothers are fond of saying, "to the straight and narrow." The Big Brother whose boy manages to do the most successfully is chosen Big Brother of the Year.

"You can't measure success," objects Michael. "You can only measure how much you care for the person and how do you measure that? And how do you measure failure, the brotherless kids whose Big Brothers move away, the kids whose dreams don't come true and who grow up with contempt for their mothers and themselves?"

A Big Brother is obviously better than reform school for a boy in trouble, but is it an honest choice? Is it an equal relationship, based on mutual respect, or a power trip? Michael is plagued by the lingering fear that his old-fashioned euphoria to do good is selfish and naïve.



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